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NOVEMBER 4, 1968 35 cents

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LETTERS

question for Nixon

New York City

DEAR SIRS: Gen. Curtis LeMay's statement that in his view nuclear weapons are just another weapon and should be used if they will "do the job" brought forth cries of outrage. It would be wise, however, to recall that over the years this same opinion has been publicly expressed by "responsible" military and civilian leaders, among them Richard M. Nixon.

Mr. Nixon today is politically "sophisticated"; he would not be likely to volunteer any comment about nuclear weapons during a Presidential campaign, and the press abstains from pressing such questions. In the past, however, he did not hesitate to express his views bluntly. For example, in the spring of 1955, during the crisis over the Chinese islands Quemoy and Matsu, Mr. Nixon told a gathering of business and industrial leaders: "Tactical atomic explosives are now conventional and will be used against the targets of any aggressive force." *(The New York Times.)*

Mr. Nixon has told us that "when" he is elected President, he will stop the Vietnamese War. He has not explained how. We ought to know—before the election—under what conditions he, as President, would authorize the use of any sort of nuclear weapons. *Helen Mears*

Guevara's reminiscences

New York City

DEAR SIRS: Thank you for Jose Yglesias' review of Che Guevara's *Reminiscences of the Cuban Revolutionary War* [*The Nation,* Sept. 30], and for calling it the "smoothest reading" edition. I am afraid Mr. Yglesias has misunderstood a number of things. His notion that we produced the book in haste to meet the demand for Guevara material at the time of Che's death is erroneous; we began work on this book more than a year before Che's death. Nor did we "add" articles to the text of a book written by Che. He never wrote a book: he wrote articles which appeared in various Cuban periodicals, only some of which were collected by the Havana house, Ediciones Unión, in 1963, when some two-thirds of the articles had appeared.

American and British publishers interested in a hasty book merely rushed this slim volume into print; having been working on the project for a long time, we had collected the post-1963 articles and were able to produce a much more nearly complete volume. We made a completely new and much more careful translation (from the original Spanish—only three articles were done from French when it proved impossible, after a search here, in Cuba and in Paris, to locate the originals).

I should also point out that the twenty-six Guevara letters we added as an appendix are not "goodies" but have an extraordinary historical value; their inclusion was highly praised by scores of readers and almost every reviewer.

We did not give credit to an editor because this book was done with entirely in-house editing and it would be a pretentious violation of publishing custom for a house editor to take such credit. The responsibility for the editing is thus that of Monthly Review Press. We believe it was done in a careful manner in order to make available the fullest possible text of Guevara's writings on the Cuban revolutionary war, in a clear translation.

Harry Braverman, Director, Monthly Review Press

New York City

DEAR SIRS: Harry Braverman's letter is as puzzling as Monthly Review's version of Che Guevara's book, which Mr. Braverman says he never wrote. True, the chapters

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EDITORIALS

Party-Splitting

Ticket-splitting has become an increasingly common practice among voters over the last several decades. Many Democrats voted for Eisenhower, many Southern Democrats for Goldwater, many Republicans for Johnson. At the state level, ticket-splitting is in some states (Michigan for one) virtually the prevailing mode of selecting officials. This year we are witnessing a matching trend, party-splitting on the part of candidates, some of the best illustrations of which may be found in New York.

Item: New York papers carry double-page advertisements for the Humphrey-Javits ticket sponsored by the Non-Partisan Committee to Elect the Best Man. The ad strongly urges New York voters to "forget the bosses" (what bosses?) "and the party machines" (what machines?) and vote for "the best men."

Item: James L. (the other) Buckley, Conservative Party nominee for the Senate, has been trying to catch as many Republican votes as possible by appearing to be more Republican than Senator Javits, who is trying to be more like Humphrey and Muskie and less like Nixon and Agnew. At the same time, the Conservative Party is fighting off constituents of George Wallace as though they were lepers, despite the fact that the Wallaceites love them and that it is virtually impossible to distinguish Wallace's general position on issues from that of the Conservative Party.

Item: Senator Javits is endorsed by the Liberal Party, which is savagely attacked by Spiro T. Agnew—who appears at a dinner of the Conservative Party, which is running a candidate against Javits. Senator Javits, an old hand at the new politics, is running simply as "The Senator." As the nominee of the Javits Party, the Senator is in the habit of saying that he voted against the Eisenhower administration one-third of the time and if necessary will vote against Nixon "60 per cent of the time." Logically, Nixon should stimulate the formation of a "Non-Partisan Committee" to elect Nixon and Buckley as "the best men." No doubt he would if he were not so busy pursuing the "undecided" and chasing after Democratic voters in the South.

In California, Jesse Unruh, the operating head of what used to be known as the Democratic Party, is directing a campaign *against President Johnson*, who is not running—on the theory that the harder he attacks the President, the easier it will become for Democrats to vote for Humphrey. Mr. Unruh is Speaker of the Assembly by grace of a Democratic margin of two votes, and this year the Democrats face opposition not only from Republicans but from Peace and Freedom candidates and from Wallaceites (California is about the only state in which the Wallace movement has fielded a large number of candidates for the state legislature and for Congress).

The cream of the jest is that while all this elaborate party-splitting is going on, spokesmen for both major parties keep up an incessant chatter about the vital importance of the two-party system. In an article in which he

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details his nearly complete agreement with Wallace on the issues, Barry Goldwater concludes that it would spell "disaster for America" if anything happened to the two-party system (which is already a four-party system: Democrats, Republicans, Undecideds-and-Independents, and Wallaceites). As a matter of fact there are several minor parties and two new groupings that are almost distinct enough to be designated as parties, namely, "weak Democrats" and "weak Republicans." With approximately 55 per cent of the electorate—by some estimates—showing no party preferences, it is a little difficult to accept, at face value, the imperative of the two-party system. Party-splitting simply completes the process set in motion by ticket-splitting. In the past, even if there seemed to be little differences on issues, the party labels were distinctive; now even the labels are porous. What looms ahead is not so much the "multi-party" system that everyone fears but the "one-party-with-several-names" system—or, more aptly, "the no-party system."

Politics and Peace

It is to the political interest of George Wallace and Curtis LeMay to sabotage the negotiations in Paris. In this endeavor they are assured of the support of President Nguyen Van Thieu of South Vietnam. Conversely, if hopes for peace were rising on Election Day, the chances for election of Hubert Humphrey and Edmund Muskie would probably be enhanced. Though Nixon and Agnew could be disadvantaged by such a development, Nixon is too shrewd to lay himself open to attack as a candidate opposed to an early peace; besides, his lead may be sufficient for him to win, peace or no peace. But Wallace and LeMay need hardly bother to disguise their identity of interest with the hawks, here and in Asia.

In accordance with this pattern, the candidates deliver their lines as if they were reading from a script. General LeMay returns from a "fact-finding" mission to South Vietnam with the "facts" everyone knew he would find: he wants to restore the bombing to its former level and escalate from there. Aware of the sentiment for peace—in which even the stock market now joins—Wallace speaks in prudent terms but demands that Hanoi's concessions in return for a bombing halt be publicized. This would be disruptive in itself, but Wallace goes on to tell Hanoi and the Johnson-Humphrey Administration what concessions he deems acceptable. Hanoi is to de-escalate the fighting in the South (it appears to have done so, but Wallace would have it made official), end terrorist activity, cease all acts of war against the United States and the Saigon government, and force the Vietcong to do likewise. In return for a cessation of the bombing the United States and its allies are to be presented with the only honorable form of peace: victory.

Thieu's stand is familiar. According to Gene Roberts' dispatch from Saigon (*The New York Times*, October 21), Ambassador Ellsworth Bunker has been meeting Thieu, apparently to sound him out on possible proposals for a bombing halt, and Thieu has been less than obliging. Like Wallace, Thieu has his own list of conditions that Hanoi

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The Nation is published weekly (except for omission of four summer issues) by the Nation Magazine Company and copyright 1968 in the U.S.A. by the Nation Associates, Inc., 333 Sixth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10014, Tel: CH 2-8400. West Coast office (for editorial correspondence only): 825 South Barrington Avenue, Los Angeles, Calif. 90049. Second class postage paid at New York, N.Y. and at additional mailing office.

Subscription Price: One year, $10; two years, $18. Add $1 per year postage for Canada; $2 for foreign.

Change of Address: It is essential that subscribers ordering a change of address give five weeks' notice and provide their old as well as their new address. Please give Zip Code numbers for both addresses.

Information to Libraries: The Nation is indexed in Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature, Book Review Digest, Book Review Index and the Public Affairs Information Service.

NATION — *Volume 207, No. 15*

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must accept: Hanoi must promise to continue the lull in fighting around the DMZ and to stop shelling cities in South Vietnam. Hanoi must accept a South Vietnamese delegation at the Paris talks, but the National Liberation Front is *not* to be represented there. NLF officials may attend as members of the Hanoi delegation, *provided they represent themselves as North Vietnamese*!

These conditions impelled Mr. Humphrey to ask who was doing the bombing anyway? He pointed out that it was, in fact, a "peculiarly American" tactic in the war. This is true in every sense: the greatest of military powers has unleashed on one of the smallest a killing machine unmatched in history. Mr. Humphrey remonstrated that Mr. Thieu, while necessarily concerned with the issues, should not be given a veto over U.S. decisions on whether or when to halt the bombing.

But a veto is precisely what Thieu insists upon. Asked whether there was a possibility of a coup in Saigon to overthrow the Thieu government, Mr. Humphrey became "very grim" and said that he did not think the American people would "tolerate" such unconstitutional action. Apparently he is still vacillating between his unmodified pro-Johnson stand and his desperate need for immediate peace moves in Southeast Asia. But if the Wallace-LeMay-Thieu coalition is to be broken up, Thieu's pretensions must be forcibly stepped on, both to put our puppet in his place and to thwart his American accomplices in the prolongation of the war.

Midnight at the Ball

Ever since the wedding announcement, which for a few days made the 500-acre island of Skorpios a focus of greater world attention than Saigon, the international public has been asking, "Why did she do it?" It is a question that interests us too, but we think it is hardly our concern. Mrs. Kennedy had mourned her husband long enough, and if her taste ran to an elderly man with an unenviable reputation for rapacity in both his business and his private life, the choice was hers to make.

What does concern us is the reverse question, "Why did he do it?" Mr. Onassis, like his enormous tanker fleet, flies flags of convenience. He enjoys dual Argentine and Greek citizenship, and it is known that his great wealth has never contributed notably to the tax rolls of any nation. The United States Justice Department was once forced to indict him, receiving $7 million in settlement. He has spent much of his time on his yacht—a suitably slippery perch for his international dealings. Since the military seizure of power in Greece, however, he has shown some signs of being willing to come home.

Indeed, the sudden nuptials suspended momentarily Mr. Onassis' negotiations with the junta, whereby it is believed that for certain tax concessions he has offered to invest heavily in industrial and tourist enterprises designed to improve Greece's economic situation. It remains to be seen just how much Mr. Onassis will improve any fortunes except his own, but the colonels obviously believe in him. Government helicopters protected his hymeneal tranquillity, a government press officer issued his bride's statement as to the dreams of privacy indulged in by famous people, Greek soldiers locked newspaper men into a shack when Mrs. Kennedy landed at a military airfield after a flight that began at Kennedy Airport by bumping ninety passengers off a plane of the airline owned by her husband-to-be. (Ordinary travelers may in future think twice before booking on Olympic Airlines; they will never know when Mrs. Onassis may have a sudden need for their plane.)

Many signs, thus, point to a *rapprochement* between the colonels and the magnate; he may indeed become the new "king of Greece," making up in money for what he lacks in ancestral lines. If so, he now has the acknowledged popular queen of the world to preside at his side—tragic, radiant, ever ready to bestow that enigmatically perfect smile on persons considered useful enough for her husband to invite aboard the yacht. Jack and Jackie created Camelot in Washington; Ari and Jackie may create Golconda on an isle in Greece.

If the popular judgment continues to see the former Mrs. Kennedy as a fairy princess, this will have been one of Mr. Onassis' shrewdest deals: his manipulations of power and money will henceforth be "sanctioned" by her good magic. But if the world decides that she was not a fairy princess after all—just another American of the "International Set," eager to snatch the richest man from under the noses of her sisters in idleness—he will have done no more than take a handsome, but exceedingly expensive young wife to his bosom. We hope the latter proves to be the case: Onassis can stand the overhead and it will be better for the rest of us if his wife loses the Kennedy prestige along with the name, the Secret Service attendants and the postal franking privilege. Melina Mercouri, the actress and most vocal enemy of the present regime in her native Greece, offered a wedding present of advice to the bride (who scarcely needs flat silver or chafing dishes): She hoped that, now she had become "a little Greek," Mrs. Onassis would not forget Robert Kennedy's declaration, shortly before he died, that "if he became President he would cut off all military aid to the junta in Greece." The news immediately following that reminder was that the aid had been restored in full measure—NATO must go on!—and the deal was obviously completed before Mrs. Onassis appeared on the scene. For the future, she cannot be asked to thwart her husband; it will be enough for the rest of us if she proves unable to abet him.

Clausewitz Updated

Everyone who can read is reminded a dozen times a year that war is the extension of policy by other means. This dictum needs to be domesticated: A nation that maintains warlike, aggressive, counterrevolutionary policies abroad is a nation that will eventually pursue these same objectives at home. Thus domestic politics becomes the extension of war by other means.

The Defense Department is not unaware of this development. A UPI story from Washington (September 14) reports that it "is being drawn ever more deeply into the problem of domestic violence in America" and cites the

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movement of 6,000 Regular Army troops from Texas, Oklahoma and Colorado to Chicago during the Democratic convention to restore order if the local police and National Guard were overwhelmed by the hippies and Yippies. The Army also provided the Secret Service with agents, helicopters, communications support, air reconnaissance, vehicles and experts on defusing bombs. As it turned out, the Chicago police clubs were more than sufficient to control the demonstrators and put the fear of Daley into the hearts of bystanders, but the "pre-positioning" of federal troops for a political convention in an American city is surely a significant innovation.

Chicago presents only an isolated instance of the Pentagon's role in quelling or preventing riots. A 180-man Directorate of Civil Disturbance Planning and Operations, commanded by Lieut. Gen. George R. Mather, was set up in April as the nerve center for such activities, and a Civil Disturbance Steering Committee, headed by Army Under Secretary David E. McGiffert, meets about once a week. During the summer Army teams visited more than 100 American cities to discuss riot-control plans with local officials and study the layouts of police precincts and communications to insure that the police, National Guard and federal authorities could cooperate in civil crises. "City profile" books incorporating the findings have been compiled for future use. An Army school at Fort Gordon, Ga., gives a week-long course in civil disturbance planning for troop commanders of the Regular Army, National Guard and city and state officials. Some 160,000 Regular Army troops have received thirty-two hours of riot training. Including Reserves and Guard units, riot-trained military forces in the United States are stated to comprise more than 500,000 men.

The UPI survey does not touch on an important phase of federal aid in civil crises which may well be in an area so sensitive that publicity is best avoided. However, another of Clausewitz's teaching is apposite in this connection. He was a pioneer in total war: instead of the traditional armies clashing in battle, the citizens, property and territory of the enemy nation should be attacked by all available means. In the present situation the enemy nation, so to speak, is within the national borders and the Clausewitz doctrine, if adopted by its military segment, leads to the concept of total guerrilla warfare and unlimited sabotage.

More than half the population of the United States now lives in urban and suburban areas which are completely dependent on distant sources for food and water and only partially self-sustaining in electricity. The cities are thus less vulnerable within their boundaries than at innumerable external points, perhaps dozens or hundreds of miles distant. To guard major highways, bridges, aqueducts and transmission lines day and night will be a large order, even if the defense uses the latest technological equipment and the troop strength of the Army, Guard and Reserves.

It would seem less expensive and more prudent to forestall such developments by other than military means, yet with varying emphasis all three Presidential candidates are fostering the idea that law and order are to be preserved almost exclusively by force. No doubt Clausewitz would agree.

Our New Junta Crop

In the wake of the military take-over in Peru (see "Peru: Oil and the Army" by Stephen L. Rozman, *The Nation*, October 28), has come the coup in Panama. As might have been expected, the press has been full of feature stories about the cyclical alternation between civilian and military governments in Latin America, the present wave of military coups being the second since the end of World War II. The usual articles and editorials have also appeared about the sputtering out of the seven-year-old Alliance for Progress and the need for a new Latin-American policy.

It remained for Senator Gruening, a real expert on Latin America, to raise an underlying issue that continues to be evaded in most of the port-mortems. By and large, the stage has been set for the recurrent military coups by U.S. military assistance programs. As Senator Gruening points out, we have given Peru more than $139 million in military assistance, and other Latin American countries have received a total of about $1.1 billion in military hardware. The effect has been to put civilian governments, when they have managed to gain power, in the position of "literally peering into the barrel of a gun, their every move subject to checkmate by military cliques." Yet every time a military junta takes over, Washington issues statements of concern and disapproval, as though we were unaware that by building up the strength of the military we had invited the inevitable overthrow of civilian governments.

The most recent seizure in Panama is particularly instructive. The 4,800-man National Guard is equipped and counseled by the U.S. Army. Most of the Guard's officers have attended training schools run by the U.S. Southern Command in the Canal Zone—where they have been properly briefed on the proposition that in a democracy the military should always be subject to civilian control. More to the point is the fact that the Southern Command administers the various military assistance programs in Latin America, and these are mostly intended, as Henry Giniger reports in *The New York Times*, "to protect the area from subversion." Yet the military leadership elsewhere in the hemisphere cannot fail to note our apparent inability to dissuade the Guard from seizing the government in Panama.

By some accounts, we are now confronted, at least in Peru, with "a new breed" of officers—military technocrats, so-called, who feel that they know how to run the economy more efficiently than do the civilians, and also that it has become possible to negotiate better trade arrangements with countries other than the United States. So in the end we may well find ourselves shorn of our private investments—in the case of Peru the $208-million American-owned International Petroleum Company (Standard Oil of New Jersey)—as well as a substantial portion of the region's trade.

In the process of fending off subversive guerrillas, we seem to be turning the countries over to voracious gorillas (the epithet used in Latin America to describe military dictators). These new military technocrats, as Jeremiah O'Leary reports from Lima in the Washington *Star*, know how to stage their power grabs with a flourish calculated

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to silence, for the moment, the opposition forces, as well as uniting the nation in a wave of patriotism behind the junta. The take-over in Peru was presented as "the day of dignity." The Marine Corps and First Light Infantry Division moved into International Petroleum as though the plant and facilities had been defended by a military force. A French-purchased jet made jubilant passes over the oil fields. The expropriation itself was announced with fanfare by General Velasco in the Gold Room of the Presidential Palace. However, the distribution facilities of the company have not been seized by the junta, and after it has obtained whatever political advantages it can from the dramatic occupation of the plant it may quietly work out a new arrangement with Standard Oil. But what has happened in Panama and in Peru must be put down as fresh setbacks for the military-assistance program.

THE SCAR OF WALLACE

EDWARD SCHNEIER
Mr. Schneier is in the Department of Political Science at the City College, New York. He is the author of "New Tide of National Politics" (The Nation, *January 22*).

In 1964 George Corley Wallace, in his words, "shook the eye teeth of the liberal establishment" by polling more than one-third of the primary vote in Maryland, Indiana and Wisconsin. This year Wallace's American Independent Party will be on the ballot in all fifty states; and if the Gallup and Harris Polls prove accurate, the liberal establishment will be shaken right back to its wisdom teeth this November. Even if he polls but half of the 22 per cent recently predicted, George Wallace will receive more popular votes than any third-party candidate since Theodore Roosevelt.

Wallace is not running for show; he believes he has an outside chance of being elected President in his own right, or failing that, of playing a major role in deciding who will be elected and how. With solid support in Alabama, Louisiana, Mississippi and South Carolina, Wallace could win the electoral votes of as many as eleven Southern states. Even in Texas, with its prize of twenty-five electoral votes, Wallace is considered a strong contender. In the North, however, he is unlikely to receive the 35 or 40 per cent needed to carry many states in a three-man race, so that even if he wins all 120 Southern electors, he will be far short of the 270 he needs to win.

But whatever the outcome in 1968, Wallace will have left his mark. His candidacy has already altered dramatically the calculations and strategies of both Democrats and Republicans. It is he more than Nixon, McCarthy, Humphrey or Johnson who has set the tone of this campaign. It is his issue—"law and order"—that has dominated the campaign dialogue, not just in the race for the Presidency but in countless Congressional, state and local contests. It is to his followers, not to those of McCarthy, Kennedy or Rockefeller that the major-party candidates have made their pitch. And whatever its impact in 1968, the Wallace movement may be still more formidable by 1972. For unlike the Dixiecrats of 1948, the American Independent Party cannot be dismissed as a regional phenomenon. Nor, at this point, does it appear to be an ephemeral puff of popular passion. On the contrary, Wallace has tapped streams that run deep in American society, and has won the allegiance not just of a radical fringe but of a solid cross section of a disaffected electorate. More than any popular uprising of this century, the Wallace movement threatens to reshape the American political system. For all that Left talk about a new politics, it is the Right that now threatens to produce it.

Given its now obvious political significance, the Wallace movement has received remarkably little serious attention. The press has learned that Wallace cannot be ignored (until September his campaign entourage included only one full-time reporter), but it still tends to view his candidacy as a quaint bit of political exoticism, somewhat on the order of the World Flatists, Vegetarianism or Technocracy. Political scientists, perhaps because we have been so well sold by our own arguments about the stability of the two-party system, have tried to pretend that Wallace doesn't exist. But ignoring George Wallace has not caused either him or his followers to go away. What it has caused is some rather serious distortions of fact and interpretation. Seldom has so significant a political phenomenon been so underestimated and misunderstood.

When Wallace tells his supporters that "there are more of us than there are of them," the "them" are not difficult to identify. Negroes, implicitly, and more directly intellectuals, beatnicks, *The New York Times,* student demonstrators and federal bureaucrats are the bogy men. The "us" are not so easily defined. For all the speculative essays written in the long wake of the 1964 primaries, we still know very little about the kinds of people who voted, and who will again vote, for the former Governor of Alabama. Indeed, a close look at the 1964 returns, as well as at data gathered earlier this year by the Gallup organization, indicates that many of the most common assumptions about the constituency that has grown up around George Wallace are quite wrong.

Foremost among these erroneous assumptions is the myth of ethnic revolt. Comforting as it may be to charge one minority group with discriminating against another, the white backlash was not basically an ethnic phenomenon. Wallace in 1964 did not make his best showings in foreign-stock areas. In Baltimore, for example, thirteen census tracts are more than 40 per cent foreign stock (first- or second-generation immigrants). These districts gave Wallace an average of 16 per cent of the vote. The twelve white neighborhoods with less than 10 per cent foreign stock gave the Alabama Governor a whopping 68

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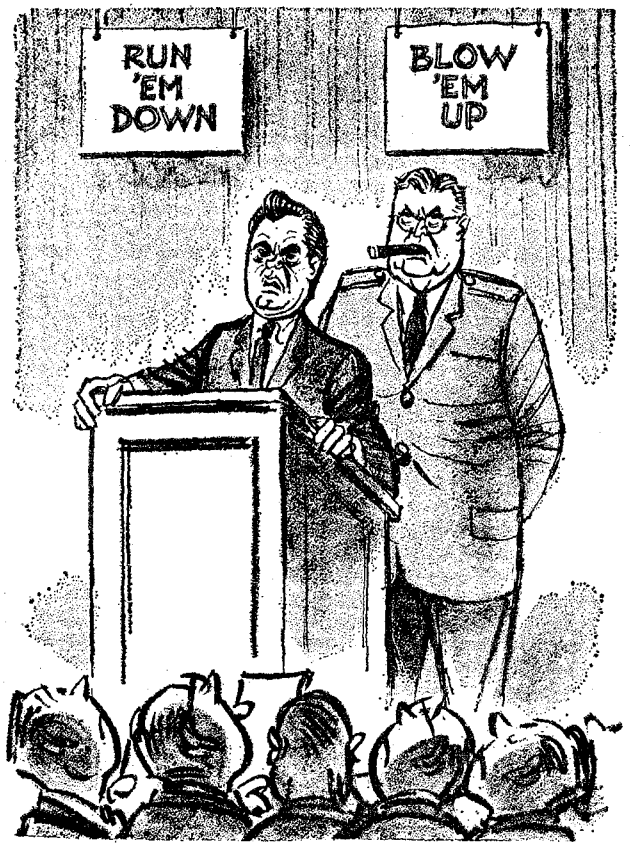
per cent. Many of the high-foreign-stock neighborhoods are Jewish, and Jews were second only to Negroes in their hostility to Wallace. But even in the distinctively Polish areas of southeast Baltimore, Wallace ran less well than he did among suburban WASPs. Similarly, in both Gary and Milwaukee, among comparable socio-economic groups, native-born, native-stock whites were at least as inclined as Poles or Italians to vote for Wallace.

The most telling factors associated with support for Wallace in 1964 were home ownership and income. In all three states where he took part in primary contests, middle-income, suburban home owners were the backbone of the backlash. Thus Wallace carried Baltimore County but not the city; he carried the Washington suburbs of Prince Georges County and won majorities in more than half of the suburban communities surrounding Milwaukee, Gary and Indianapolis. He carried Lake County by 2,600 votes, but lost the city of Gary by 3,500. In all three states, Wallace won a majority in the suburbs, trailed in the cities, and ran poorly in rural areas. He did well with ethnic voters because he did well in the kinds of neighborhoods where ethnic voters now live.

The Wallace vote in 1964 was generally highest in middle-income areas. In Gary, for example, he carried all fourteen of the all-white census tracts, but in doing so he averaged 10 per cent better in middle-income ($6,000 to $8,000) than in either high- or low-income areas. His best showing (79 per cent) was in a district with a median family income of $7,093, his worst (58 per cent and 59 per cent) in districts with median incomes respectively of $9,703 and $5,910. Poll figures for 1968 show a similar pattern: Wallace supporters in the North have numbered from 8 to 12 per cent of those with incomes of less than $5,000; 14 to 15 per cent in the $5,000 to $7,000 bracket; and 5 to 8 per cent of those with incomes of $7,000 or more.

Finally, housing is a key variable. In 1964, Wallace voters were a majority in 64 per cent of the urban and suburban white areas where home ownership was high (more than half); he carried only 40 per cent of the other white districts. Thus if there was a typical Wallace voter in 1964, he was a suburban, white, middle-income home owner, of no particular ethnic group (though not Jewish). Contrary to widespread assumptions, he was as likely to be a clerk as a steelworker, a Methodist as a Catholic, an Anglo-Saxon as a Pole, or to live in a securely all-white suburb as in an increasingly Negro central city area.

In many parts of the country it takes courage to display a Wallace button or bumper sticker; in other areas it takes courage not to. Both pollsters and politicians have been careful to hedge their bets, believing that many people are lying about, or have not yet faced, their real preferences. And of course the returns from 1964 cannot be taken at face value if only because votes in a primary do not have the same meaning as votes in a general election. Nevertheless, it is possible to predict what some of the short-run consequences of the Wallace candidacy will be and, more important, to evaluate the long-range meaning and significance of the movement.



Mauldin, New York Post

"So Much for Domestic and Foreign Problems . . ."

In the short run, the Wallace candidacy hurts Nixon more than Humphrey. Despite the oft publicized defections of such normally Democratic groups as union members and ethnic minorities, the polls have consistently shown that there are only slightly more Wallace Democrats than Wallace Republicans. And when one considers that many Southerners who call themselves Democrats seldom vote the Democratic ticket nationally, the overall picture is one that, if the tide of opinion were less strongly anti-Administration, would seriously worry Mr. Nixon. One recent poll of union members showed Wallace with 49 per cent, Humphrey with 39 per cent, and Nixon with 12 per cent. This and similar polls have been widely interpreted as being most damaging to Humphrey; but when one considers that Nixon won 36 per cent of the union vote in his 1960 campaign against Kennedy, it appears that both major parties have lost about equally. Similarly, an erroneous tendency to regard the South as solidly Democratic has led some analysts to conclude that Humphrey has more to lose than Nixon from Wallace's Dixie drive. Nixon, however, trailed Kennedy by less than 1 per cent in the South, and Republican strength there has grown in the intervening eight years. With Wallace in the race, Nixon will do well to match Barry Goldwater's total of forty-five Southern electoral votes, or even his own 1960 total of thirty-three.

What this suggests is that Wallace is helping Humphrey by siphoning off protest votes that might otherwise go to Nixon. In 1964 Wallace ran best in Wisconsin's Republican areas. As Michael Rogin wrote in the *Public Opinion Quarterly*: "Wallace's vote . . . was strikingly concentrated

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in the middle- and upper-class, native stock, suburbs. Apparently, Republican voters in these suburbs crossed over into the Democratic primary to vote for the Alabama Governor." Ironically, however, similar neighborhoods gave Wallace his biggest margins in Indiana and Maryland, where cross filing was not permitted. Democrats who voted for Wallace were, it would seem, demographically marginal Democrats: that is, they were registered Democrats whose economic, social and ethnic characteristics are normally associated with Republicanism. In this autumn of discontent, most of them could have been expected to vote Republican or not at all. The Wallace candidacy allows them to express their hostility to national policies without severing their traditional party ties.

One of the most interesting questions in this year of surprises is what such voters will do with the rest of their ballots. "Franklin Roosevelt is like a ferry boat," local Democratic candidates were assured in 1936, "he'll bring in a lot of garbage in his wake." In this sense, Wallace is like a scow—his candidacy may carry a lot of garbage out to sea. For whatever else it proves to be, 1968 is likely to tumble many incumbents out of office, particularly those from suburban areas where Wallace is strongest. The structure of committee power in the House of Representatives is thus almost certain to be significantly altered this November.

Much as Wallace may unsettle us in 1968, it is the long-range effect of his candidacy that is most interesting and perhaps most significant. Wallace has built his campaign on a politics of pure status. It is, indeed, the clearest manifestation of status politics that this country has witnessed since the temperance crusade of fifty years ago. Joseph Gusfield, in his study of the American Temperance Movement, defines status politics as those in which

> what is at issue is the position of the relevant groups in the status order of the society. Such issues polarize the society along lines of status group differentiation, posing conflicts between divergent styles of life. They are contrasted with class issues, which polarize the society along lines of economic interests.

Gusfield describes the drive for Prohibition as a "symbolic crusade," a culturally sanctioned means of expressing deeper social, ethnic and religious hostilities. Passage of the Eighteenth Amendment symbolized the "superior power and prestige of the old middle class in American society."

Similarly, the Wallace vote is a symbol of the power and prestige of the new middle class. It provides a culturally sanctioned means of expressing hostilities, not just toward Negroes but toward a wide range of social groups and values. The Negro, in fact, is not the principal scapegoat. "The real target ain't race," Wallace says in almost every speech. "The real problem is all these intellectual liberals, who can't even park their bicycles straight, trying to run people's lives." To his detractors this is hokum: to them Wallace's cries for law and order and States' rights are euphemisms for keeping blacks in line. For his followers, however, the equation is not so simple. Indeed, in a society permeated by the rhetoric of equality, few of Wallace's supporters consider themselves bigots, and Wallace's vulnerability to the charge of racism probably hurts rather than helps his campaign.

Instead of race, what exercises the typical Wallace supporter is a sense of remoteness from government. The major issues of the past three decades seem irrelevant to his concerns. Wallace offers a new politics, a politics of conviction, of limited interference in people's lives. It is a politics that will not trouble people with issues like poverty, urban renewal or rent subsidies that are irrelevant to their day-to-day lives; a politics that will keep such troublesome phenomena as narcotics, crime, peace demonstrations and college protests out of sight. In this context it is significant that Gallup found voters in the 21 to 29 age group considerably more likely than older voters to be Wallace supporters. For older voters, memories of the Great Depression, or even of the recession of 1958, are too strong to enable them completely to abandon class politics. Issues like the minimum wage, Medicare, Social Security and right-to-work laws still agitate those who have lived through the battles. After a decade of prosperity, however, today's young worker takes the security of his job almost for granted—he has never been through a recession and he doesn't expect to see one. And if he should be laid off—well, there's always unemployment compensation.

This, in short, is the politics of prosperity: the politics of those who can afford to use their vote not to achieve economic objectives but to express moral indignation. This kind of politics has not displaced the old politics of economic and class issues, but it has been laid down on top of it to produce a confusing, sometimes contradictory pattern.

In every previous era of American political history, the emergence of a fully developed system of status politics has been checked by the emergence of a new and overwhelming class conflict. As Gusfield has said of Prohibition:

> The most significant element in the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment was not directly related to the cultural conflicts and struggles for status that had precipitated the Prohibition issue. It was the change in the tone of political life brought about by the Great Depression that killed the Eighteenth Amendment.

Such a change of tone is unlikely in our times. Our growing ability to manage economic affairs in such a way as to avoid economic catastrophes effectively precludes the dominance of class politics. Class conflicts exist and will continue to exist, but in the political arena they will be forced as never before to compete with status issues for the attention of the electorate. The Wallace campaign has demonstrated the appeal that such issues have for a large segment of the American voting public.

Political commentators will interpret the 1968 election as a turn to the right in the attitudes of the American people. But even if Hubert Humphrey finishes third, it may not symbolize that at all. Lyndon Johnson's landslide victory in 1964 was based primarily on voter reactions to two issues: nuclear war and economic policies. The fear of Goldwater's positions on Social Security, Medicare and

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nuclear weapons buried him in an avalanche of "leftist" votes. In 1968, attitudes on these issues have not changed; they have simply become irrelevant. Hubert Humphrey has tried desperately to resurrect them; thus far, he has failed, and his failure may be the handwriting on the wall for the future of American politics.

Lyndon Johnson once said that a great society would be one which asked not just "how much?" but "how good?" Many Americans cannot yet afford to raise this second question—their stakes in the economic services of the government are too high. What sets the Wallace supporters apart from the rest of the community is that they see themselves as sufficiently affluent to raise this question, and they are in fact raising it.

American Pox

WENDELL BERRY

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The American pox is insignificance. One of the consequences of our history up to now is that we have a large and growing number of people who suspect that they don't mean anything—or who are certain that they don't. The ones of these who are white make up the Wallace constituency, and after spending several hours among them at the October 13th rally at the Cow Palace my sense of them takes me a good deal by surprise.

Since I am a rural Kentuckian with some conservative impulses, I expected the rally to produce a distinct charge of reactionary political outrage that I would recognize and be touched by, even though I would not agree—as a skeptic might find himself swinging a little with a good primitive evangelist. I expected Wallace to be The Charismatic Leader, and I was prepared to resist with my head what I feared would be his influence on my nervous system.

No such thing. My overriding impression was that the occasion rose and flowered out of a terrible boredom. Both the band and the hillbilly ensemble produced a slick late-depression ballroom sound, with rhythms that belonged to no activity I could imagine—music straining to seem animated and up to the minute, but coming off more old-fashioned than *Dixie*. I had the weird feeling that I had somehow got tuned into a late-night radio program out of 1939. Wallace said most of the formula sentences that the newspapers have quoted again and again, and that he appeared to take no pleasure in repeating. And the crowd, though it was thoroughly bad-humored, and though it rose to instant fury every time Wallace punched in one of his familiar tag lines, never approached anything resembling *political* outrage or reaction. They were peeved, soured on themselves, bored to death; they were looking desperately for something big and clear that they could *feel*, and thus know beyond doubt, for a change, that they were alive.

The strangeness and fearsomeness of the gathering, for me, was that it was only unconsciously political, in about the same sense that a furious crowd at a high school ball game is unconsciously social. Though its effects will unavoidably be political, its intentions or motives were deeply personal and therefore, in the group, chaotic. There is no denying that it was a highly charged meeting. But the charge did not come from the contact between Wallace and his constituency. It came from the antagonism between the Wallace folks, for whom Wallace seemed more a symbol than a spokesman, and a group of bearded ones who had occupied several of the higher tiers of seats opposite the speaker's stand.

It was this confrontation that the occasion existed for. The bearded ones heckled Wallace; Wallace and his folks heckled the hecklers. It was as though the two groups had had a long evolutionary association, and had achieved perfect symbiosis. Wallace's speech presupposed the presence of the bearded ones, whose presence of course presupposed the speech. They were each other's other half. Hating each other, they needed each other, like partners in a thirty-year-old bad marriage. And between them they had developed a sort of super-rhetoric: the words were negligible, even unnecessary; the tune and the tone were everything. It was the language of a politics that is all effect, without content. It was the unknown tongue. In the seizures of glossolalia, which rose regularly like volcanoes above the wide lowland of boredom and peevishness, everybody was transfigured. There was a great pumping of adrenalin. The Wallace folks around me were all working their jaw muscles, mad out of their heads, ready to kill a hippie for Christ, ready to seize one of those stinking long-haired pseudo-intellectuals and eat him alive, and so strike a blow against cannibalism.

"Come up here," Wallace told the bearded ones, "and I'll autograph your sandals for you." And I gathered that he didn't mean it as a joke. He meant that if *he*, George Wallace, autographed their sandals he would use poison ink, and they would go around limping for the rest of their unwashed, anarchist lives. And the bearded ones chanted back: "*Sieg! Heil! Sieg! Heil! Sieg! Heil!*"

In the extreme rhetoric of their meeting they were each other's completion and fulfillment. It was like the desperate love embrace of the last two dinosaurs, hopeless of offspring, but threatening all the countryside around with an awful trampling and wallowing. They saw their fate in each other, and nobody liked what he saw. But there *was* a considerable difference in the reactions. Wallace and his people responded with a fury so humorless as to be drab. They couldn't *stand* it. It drove them to adrenalin the way in better times it might have driven them to whiskey. But the bearded ones, though they too hated what they saw, also saw an outrageous joke in it, and they played out their part with much gusto and style.

For that reason as much as any, I sided with them. But not much. No one could enter that contest without submitting to the burden of political irrelevance and unintelligibility. It was a mixed mob, incoherent and dangerous.

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AFRICAN AUSTERITY

JOHN HATCH

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In a hotel ballroom in Kitwe, Zambia's copper-belt gay spot, I met the local government party boss. He and his wife were the only Africans visible. The hotel is the weekend focus for the swinging set of the younger white miners, where Russian caviar is imported for the menu. The expatriate European miners—still essential to copper production—form a labor aristocracy, paid at rates that are probably higher in comparative terms than any other wages in the world. One of their sports is flying their private planes between the mining towns strung along the copper belt just south of the Congo border, or to the game parks in the west. Yet, just a few days previously, that same African leader had been demanding that his African fellow countrymen abjure the fleshpots, sacrifice normal celebrations, like honeymoons, and live austere, hard-working lives in order to contribute to the economic construction of their new nation.

In Nairobi, capital of Kenya, an official of the opposition Kenya People's Union told me that one of the major reasons for the quarrel between old stalwarts like Odinga, Kaggia and Oneko and President Kenyatta was the degree of luxury encouraged among the country's ministers and public men. They had objected to the buying of farms, large cars and business interests by the President himself and his colleagues at a time when the majority of Kenya's inhabitants are still eking out a bare existence on their small plots or vainly seeking work in the towns. Almost all the opposition candidates had just been disqualified from the local government elections on the ground of having incorrectly completed their nomination papers. No government candidate suffered the same fate.

In Tanzania, parliament was celebrating a victory over President Nyerere's government. Last year Nyerere and his Tanganyika African National Union—the governing and only party on the mainland (Zanzibar, the other half of Tanzania, has its own party)—called for austerity throughout the nation. It demanded that all party, government and other public leaders maintain themselves on their official salaries, discarding any incomes derived from property or business interests. This year the government pointed out that its ministers and chief officials do not qualify for pensions and therefore live in an atmosphere of insecurity. It proposed that this be assuaged by the granting of gratuities. Despite the fact that Tanzania is a single-party state, its parliament has demonstrated both its freedom to speak its mind and its ability to criticize effectively by rejecting the proposal on a private member's motion. The government immediately withdrew the project after it had been defeated in parliament.

The issue of austerity has become focal to the African political scene. It calls to mind the early days of the British Labour movement, which drew on strong nonconformist sources and bitterly criticized any leader who compromised with the fleshly temptations of the capitalist world. (Ramsay MacDonald's predilection for the company of duchesses and the argument as to whether or not Labour ministers should wear court dress were matters of national concern.) African states are now becoming divided into two categories: those which try to enforce austerity from the top, and those which believe that leaders have the right to enjoy the sweets of office, as their colonial masters did before them.

This has become much more serious than a social argument. In French-speaking Africa, governments have fallen, on the one hand when they have tried to enforce salary cuts on civil servants, on the other when the masses have become infuriated by the ostentation of their leaders. The collapse of civilian regimes in Ghana, Nigeria and Sierra Leone was closely connected with the riches displayed by ministers and public officials and with the inevitable corruption attendant on the search for such luxury. In Sierra Leone, too, a major accusation against the military regime which succeeded civilian government was that its members had become corrupt and were accumulating private fortunes. This suspicion then led to a second revolution, with the army being replaced by another set of civilian politicians.

Ghana has provided the clearest example of the political significance of ostentatious wealth rubbing elbows with poverty. The downfall there of President Kwame Nkrumah was not caused by inept policies, as had generally been assumed. On paper, his basic policies met squarely the needs of his country. The imaginative Volta River scheme, for example, could have provided the hydroelectric power on which an industrial revolution covering the whole of West Africa could have been based. The port and industrial new town of Tema is even now contributing a large proportion of the economic growth of Ghana. The tremendous expansion of education still provides the country with the ever-increasing number of trained young men and women on which the future of economic development depends. As in the rest of the continent, the absence of a serious indigenous entrepreneurial class made it imperative that such large-scale projects be undertaken by the government rather than left to private initiative.

But there were two flaws in Nkrumah's application of his policies. First, he could never resist spending large sums of public revenues on unproductive, prestige ventures like expensive embassies, huge public buildings and costly aircraft. In other words, his government did not practice austerity, or concentrate its resources on measures designed in the short or long term to raise the living standards of its people. Second, although Nkrumah himself was aware of the danger and frequently exhorted his colleagues to avoid it, he was never able to curb the ostentation of his public men, their accumulation of private fortunes, and all the corruption and inefficiency which inevitably accompanied this attitude. That he himself participated in this organized graft is yet to be proved, for

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it is unwise to accept at their face value the accusations of the military regime which overthrew him in 1966, and which obviously needed to discredit him. But that his chief colleagues did so was obvious during his period in office. He frequently upbraided them publicly for owning large houses and indulging in luxurious living; on occasion he even disciplined some of them. But he could never stamp out the habit, and in the end his regime was discredited among many of his people for the very evils he had so frequently denounced.

These lessons from both English-speaking and French-speaking West Africa have not been lost on the most intelligent of East and Central African leaders. It is true that Hastings Banda in Malawi risks suffering the same fate as Nkrumah by reckless public expenditure—as, for instance, the building of a new capital city at Lilongwe; that Jomo Kenyatta's indulgence in expensive tastes often seems taken straight from the book of European colonialists; that even young Milton Obote in Uganda allowed himself to be persuaded into spending a vast sum of public money on his wedding (he has learned better since). But increasingly over the past two years the younger leaders of East and Central Africa have recognized that it is in their interest to equate austerity with nation building and the drive toward social justice. The previous generation of leaders, men like Nkrumah, Kenyatta, Banda and Nkumbula (in Northern Rhodesia, now Zambia), taught their followers that colonial rule was the main barrier between them and the comfortable life they saw their colonial masters enjoying. This was part of the anti-colonial strategy. Inevitably, though, it raised high expectations of rapidly increased standards of life once independence was attained. The frustration of these expectations has caused more revolts in post-independence Africa than any other single issue.

The modern generation of African leaders—not all of whom have yet attained power—recognize that political independence is only a first stage toward full national sovereignty. They recognize that the vast majority of their people have not yet approached the fringe of 20th-century life; in Tanzania, for example, despite increases over the seven years of independence, the average annual per capita income is about $60. They have also discovered since they took responsibility for the economies of their countries that colonial rule did little to equip them for the development essential to attain modern goals. Almost invariably the European powers thought of their colonies as suppliers of raw materials and food, or as markets for their own exports, rather than as areas to be developed into modern economies. Communications led to the nearest ports and inter-African trade or internal domestic traffic was almost totally neglected. The British, French and Belgians all grafted their own institutions onto their dependencies, regardless of their relevance to local traditions. Education systems, civil services, legal procedures and language were all Europe-oriented; trading and defense patterns all geared to the Western bloc. Above all, of course, the very boundaries of the colonies were artificially drawn according to European rivalries during the period of imperial dissection of the African continent at the end of last century. No colony ever coincided with an indigenous national unit. Since independence, therefore, every leader of an African state has had first to find the means of cementing various, often fragmented, tribal communities into a nation.

With so many handicaps and such an abundance of centrifugal elements menacing national unity, the new generation of African leaders are increasingly concentrating on economic development as a unifying force. They realize that if their nations are to become free in any real

sense they will have to control their own economies from bottom to top. They have therefore consigned to history the evils of colonial rule and are exhorting their peoples to apply themselves to the task of building nations free from foreign economic dependence and capable of providing their citizens with rising living standards. That this outlook serves both political and economic needs is a happy coincidence.

Since the downfall of Nkrumah, leadership in most inter-African affairs has passed from the west to the east of the continent. President Nyerere of Tanzania has most decisively stepped into Nkrumah's shoes, though the difference of temperament between the men has inevitably produced a change in the character of this leadership. Nkrumah displayed a form of arrogance in public that is quite foreign to Nyerere's modest personality. Even when Nkrumah was still in power Nyerere countered his Pan-African Union policy with a federal approach to African cooperation. Since then the Tanzanian President has led the attack on Britain's Rhodesia policy, has taken the lead in trying to end the Nigerian civil war and has desperately held together the Organization of African Unity despite the intense strains of the past two years. But most important, perhaps, Nyerere almost alone has firmly set an example in principles of economic development which have universal relevance throughout independent Africa. He has proclaimed that the objective of social equality is the central purpose of economic progress and has pointed out with unchallengeable logic that it can be achieved only by sharing poverty until greater national wealth accrues.

The bible of the austerity school is Rene Dumont's *False Start in Africa*. This book, in its English translation, has had more practical effect on recent African gov-

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ernment policies than any other piece of literature. It became compulsory reading for every member of Tanzania's government; the same example was then followed in Zambia. The Arusha Declaration of 1967, which laid down a creed against which every action of party or government in Tanzania should be tested, clearly drew its root inspiration from Dumont. A great deal of President Kaunda's Mulungushi speech in April of this year, which charted the way ahead for Zambia, was drawn from the same source. Even where leaders and governments are not yet committed to the Dumont thesis, younger activists, either in government or in opposition, are inspired by its message; and every government has to answer its arguments.

The Dumont theme is simply that discipline and hard work are first essentials in the battle for greater wealth; that, since the vast majority of Africans live in the countryside, a rural renaissance must be accepted as the starting point of development, and industrial growth must be geared to locally produced materials. Austerity and discipline are essential for this effort, and the social evils of alcoholism, luxury and ostentation introduced by colonial influences must be exorcised.

The Arusha Declaration, accepted as the guideline to the future of Tanzania by government and party, is based on the destruction of exploitation, control of the means of production by the peasants and workers through their government and cooperatives, democratic election of the government, and the pursuit of Socialist principles in the life of every party member. National policy is to be based on self-reliance, on hard work rather than the accumulation or dispersal of money, on the efforts of the nation's citizens rather than on gifts or loans from abroad. Emphasis is to be diverted from building industries, which require foreign capital and technical knowledge, to developing agriculture in the rural areas for the production both of more food and of cash crops. The primary objective of industrial growth is to provide substitutes for imports and improve the balance of trade. The basic requirements of this policy are hard work and the use of intelligence. Where foreign capital is obtained, it must be used to further these central objectives of the nation and it must be secured from a variety of sources to avoid concentrated dependence which could influence policy toward one section of the international world. Thus an American loan of just over $11 million is welcomed to make the Great North Road from Zambia to Tanzania a highway of international standard and improve trading communications, while the Chinese prepare to build a railroad between the same two countries, and the Italians have just completed an oil pipe line. The majority of expatriate teachers and civil servants remain British.

Of course such a self-disciplined policy raises many problems. It will be a long time before party officials, on whom the major burden falls, can be expected to attain the required caliber; the cooperatives are often too big or ambitious and can be expected to suffer many setbacks before organization and performance are efficient; the urban, industrial workers, together with many civil servants, district and party officials will not readily surrender their privileged position in a country likely to remain very largely rural for many years; there will continue to be those who consider that the fruits of independence should rightly be theirs, that large salaries, profits, cars and houses are their legitimate reward.

But Tanzania has set its face toward social justice as a national objective. It is attempting the unique feat of leaping straight from communal subsistence into socialism without going through the phase of capitalism. Its government has taken control of banking, insurance, parts of the export-import business and certain aspects of industry. It has openly proclaimed that the interests of its massive peasant population have precedence over the privileged industrial and service workers. This presents a direct challenge to the development principles of the rest of the continent.

Currently it seems most probable that Zambia will be next to follow the Tanzanian line. President Kaunda has not yet accepted the premises of his friend Nyerere. In fact, in his Mulungushi speech he asserted that "To a humanist there is nothing wrong in owning some property." His main concern is to see that Zambian citizens join the property-owning class by insisting that Zambian businesses get first priority in contracts and facilities. As he has also announced that his government will take majority control in certain firms, he must intend, if he can, to prevent foreign industry and commerce from continuing to dominate his country (although he promises foreign capital further protection).

It is because of this desire to secure local economic control that I expect Kaunda eventually to be forced into following the Tanzanian example and taking much firmer direction of his economy. He has already warned against the dangers of creating a Zambian capitalism, has abhorred "the exploitation of human beings by other human beings," and has gone so far as to assert that "economic power can belong to the people only if we work the cooperative way in every field of economic endeavor." His development plans have shown the same concern for bridging the gap between urban and rural life that is found in Tanzania. It will certainly be much more difficult to practice austerity for social justice in Zambia than in Tanzania, for the contrasts are much greater in the former country and the riches a great deal more profuse. Yet the direction of policies in the two has begun to converge.

Meanwhile, the first serious stage of the war between white and black in southern Africa, which has been seen as inevitable for years, has physically started. The attacks of "freedom fighters" in Rhodesia began in August, 1967; they have continued ever since and are now combated not only by Rhodesian security forces but by South African units sent to aid the Rhodesians. Zambia is in the front line, for the guerrilla warriors usually pass through its territory to cross into Rhodesia. This inevitably drives Zambia economically closer to Tanzania, for the northern routes, now by road and pipe line, later by rail, are the only safe outlet for its copper and import route for coal and oil as an alternative to its traditional Rhodesian communications to the sea.

These trends all suggest that the friendship between Nyerere and Kaunda, together with the increased co-

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operation which has been growing since Rhodesia's Unilateral Declaration of Independence in 1965, will eventually culminate in a federation or union of the two countries.

In Uganda and Kenya the future is much more speculative. Uganda is trying at present to forge national unity out of traditionally rival kingdoms. Kenya is attempting to diffuse land ownership by resettling thousands of Africans on former white farms. A great deal of foreign capital is also entering the country, building proceeds apace, and Nairobi increasingly resembles a wealthy American tourist center. Meanwhile, the politicians are engaged in the dangerous game of jockeying for position in the Kenyatta succession sweepstakes. What happens when Kenyatta ceases to be President is anyone's guess.

Yet both Uganda and Kenya are now more intimately linked with Tanzania than is Zambia itself. From last December the three have been members of the East African Community, a common market with joint institutions. The object is to strengthen mutual interests and counter the economic rivalry which has become apparent among them since independence. With their varying outlooks and different problems they may well find themselves uneasy bedfellows. Yet it is in this crucible of experimentation, perhaps widened by the inclusion of Zambia, that the most significant developments for Africa of the 1970s will take place. Those who are eager to read the direction of African political, economic and social progress should watch carefully the fate of Presidents Nyerere, Obote and Kaunda, together with the maneuvers to secure a successor to President Kenyatta.

MICHIGAN WALK-IN

NEW POLITICS FOR DEMOCRATS

DOUGLAS CRASE

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Ann Arbor

There has been no McCarthy walkout from the Michigan Democratic Party since Chicago. Something more important has happened—a walk-in. At the call of the state McCarthy organization and the Michigan Conference of Concerned Democrats (MCCD), about 450 dissident Democrats convened in Detroit's Cobo Hall on September 28 to proclaim "The New Democratic Coalition of Michigan." While much of America's demoralized Left flirts with fourth parties or reads Che's diary, the "New Democrats" have embarked in Michigan on an experiment whose grand purpose is nothing less than the radical reconstruction of the Democratic Party.

The activists who met in Detroit to lay plans for this effort were, with few exceptions, middle-class white reformers from MCCD and McCarthy chapters throughout the urban areas of southern Michigan. Sporting the usual assortment of beards, buttons and sandals, they made it clear that new politics was in session, although one recalled seeing many of their faces at earlier meetings of the old politics as well.

After an often dramatic debate that stretched from mid-afternoon to early evening, the New Dems overwhelmingly refused to support Hubert Humphrey. But their presence and enthusiasm made clear their general conviction that the Democratic Party may still be shaped into an instrument for basic change in America. Much has happened since the first McCarthy-for-President Committee was formed here in November, 1967, to make that conviction plausible in the context of Michigan politics.

The groundswell of discontent with the Johnson Administration did not prevent 72½ of Michigan's 96 National Convention votes from going to Humphrey. The delegation to Chicago, however, was never within reach of new politics. It had been named at a state convention the character of which was determined, according to state law, by precinct elections held in 1966—two years before Chicago. Where the delegate game was concerned, the McCarthy and Kennedy forces couldn't even get into the ball park.

When new politics teams have been able to play, however, encouraging changes have taken place in the Michigan game. The most dramatic example was the recent state convention at which newly elected McCarthy-MCCD delegates combined with liberal regulars to adopt overwhelmingly a resolution supporting the minority, or peace plank, on Vietnam, which had just been defeated by Humphrey regulars in Chicago.

There are two reasons for the liberal shift in Michigan. Most important are the dissenters themselves who, for the last tormented year, have refused to give up the notion that they could effect radical changes from within the party. Now their hard political work, done at the prompting of Prof. Otto Feinstein of the McCarthy movement, Al Fishman of the MCCD, and the fiery former state chairman Zolton Ferency, is beginning to pay off.

Second, however, is the liberal nature of much of the Michigan party itself; it is not the private club of an intransigent Richard Daley. The Michigan delegation, while voting for Humphrey at Chicago, supported the minority resolution on Vietnam as well. Among the party leadership, U.S. Sen. Philip Hart and state chairman Sander Levin voted for McCarthy and McGovern respectively. Thus changes in response to new politics power are partly due to willing spirits already established within the party. The growing power of dissenters has both forced and enabled organization liberals to make accommodating re-

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sponses. Those responses, in turn, have made easier the continuing task of dissent.

The most dramatic changes have come in response to the McCarthy-MCCD attack on the party's own organizational bedrock—the precinct delegate. The character of the party begins in the precincts, and the delegate elections of August 6 afforded the first test of that character since McCarthy's initial challenge to LBJ.

McCarthy and MCCD volunteers set to work, circulating petitions, running candidates in sparsely populated townships where the party had not elected delegates for years, and ranging its strongest candidates against the most objectionable of the old guard. In many counties, party regulars were either complacently unaware of what was happening, or too lazy to do anything about it. When the results came in it was clear that the McCarthy-MCCD forces had won a major victory, now controlling perhaps 35 to 40 per cent of the party's precinct delegates. Feinstein claimed nine of Michigan's nineteen Congressional districts.

The fall state convention, which met in Grand Rapids the day after Chicago, reflected proportionally the influx of new politics delegates at the party's base. Tired Humphrey delegates, who have never yet understood what happened to their party in Chicago, nor why the news media favored those bearded, beaded demonstrators, came home the next day to find their state convention swarming with what could only be—yes!—more hippies. And McCarthy supporters, who almost seemed disappointed not to find blue-helmeted police awaiting them, were spoiling for a fight. The threat of the insurgent delegate strength, however, enabled state chairman Levin to bring conservatives into an all-night leaders' caucus with McCarthy-MCCD chiefs where, finally, the aging New Deal confronted the reality of new politics.

The dramatic results of the caucus were visible later on the convention floor, where the Michigan party officially endorsed the minority report on Vietnam and condemned Mayor Daley for "the shocking display of brutality on the streets of Chicago." Out on the floor, young McCarthy delegates wearing black arm bands were fastening HHH buttons to their lapels. The party seemed to have compromised its differences.

"Only time will tell, however," warned a reflective Senator Hart, "whether they have been harmonized and buried or just papered over." Later that same day, Vice President Humphrey undid much of the work of the Michigan liberals with an insensitive statement supporting Daley's Gestapo tactics in Chicago. The HHH buttons so recently pinned to McCarthy lapels were quickly discarded.

Now the New Democrats have begun in Detroit what may be a protracted and impassioned debate: how do you reform a Democratic Party, part of which is willing, the rest of which will never yield? When most of the New Coalition leaders say "reform," they are clearly thinking of "control." "I think that we will later see ourselves as leaders of a majority," Feinstein told the crowd in Detroit.

Much time was consumed in the hallways, workshops and restaurants discussing whether new politics "credibility" would be enhanced more by merging into the regular party as a demonstration of good faith, or by maintaining a separate identity with which to vex the regulars. But if reform really means political *control*, the New Democrats should not fog the strategy debate with questions of credibility. If control is the aim, credibility is simply an ambiguous euphemism for political power. *Power* is what the New Coalition must be willing wholeheartedly to seek, and use, if it intends to change America.

For many new politics Democrats, unaccustomed to power and predisposed against it, the notion may come as a shock. But Feinstein and Fishman must make the reality of the power imperative clear to their troops. Zolton Ferency began that education in Detroit. "Political parties are an avenue to power," he told the reverent faces. "Power makes change." When that basic fact is understood it is clear that the interests of the New Democrats can be served only by maintaining an identity separate from the regulars. "A minority is powerless while it conforms to the majority," warned Thoreau. "It is not even a minority then; but it is irresistible when it clogs by its own weight." Each time the party has responded it has responded because faced with identifiable power—nothing else.

The fundamental issue of long-range power strategy became hopelessly tangled, however, in arguments over the effect of endorsement or non-endorsement of Humphrey on the Coalition's "credibility," which in this context usually stood for "moral consistency." As a result, some New Dems seemed unable to separate the long-range goals of the Coalition from the immediate tactics of the Presidential election. They are in a moral quandary, where a vote for Humphrey is a cop-out because it destroys the credibility of the Coalition, but a protest vote is a cop-out if Nixon or Wallace destroys the climate for reform.

When the issue of long-term power strategy is separated from the tactical Presidential choice, however, there is no reason why support of Humphrey has to be inconsistent with the maintenance of an independent militant identity. The necessity of a separate identity does not require a separatist position on every issue, only a position separately arrived at. If New Democrats were to vote for Humphrey this fall, it is unlikely that the party would forget who its insurgents were by January.

Emotional appeals from both sides totally obscured the issue. Impassioned analogies to the Weimar Republic raised the specter of gas ovens in America. State Sen. Coleman Young, now the party's first black national committeeman, and the Rev. Channing Phillips, both urged support for Humphrey by hitting the New Dems in their white liberal guilt complexes. "We have to reform the Democratic Party, but we have no right to endanger the lives of black people," Phillips argued.

The whites listened respectfully, but they rose as a body to applaud when Mort Furay, president of the Hotel and Restaurant Workers, shouted into the mike that Humphrey's "commitments are to our enemies, and don't ever forget it. They are trying to ram a *minority* candidate down your throats!" When a McCarthyite stood to assert that it didn't matter which of the three was elected, they were *all* Fascists, the convention howled its approval.

In the confusion of this emotional climate, Feinstein,

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standing among his troops like a great swaying bear, recommended the adoption of a "no formal position" resolution in order to preserve unity among the New Coalition. For an organization that must maintain a separate power identity, it is ironical that unity could be maintained only by passing a resolution which allowed members to make up their minds "solely as a matter of personal conscience."

If control of the party is the goal, other tactical decisions must also be made with the power strategy unobscured. There was considerable confusion in Detroit, for example, over whether to support fourth-party candidates. But this is a tactical, not strategic decision and depends on the situation. If support of fourth-party candidates is an instrument of reform, as in Ann Arbor where it might defeat the redneck Democratic sheriff, then it is a legitimate power gambit. Whether it is "credible" in the eyes of local party hierarchies is irrelevant.

Finally, New Democratic leaders, especially Ferency and state Sen. Roger Craig, must remind their rank and file that the price of power in the party is unflagging involvement in its affairs and unceasing vigilance to protect each foot of territory gained. New Democrats must look forward to being burned, for the New Dealers *have* been around since the New Deal, and they have acquired a lot of political savvy with which to trip up the bearded upstart. But in an amateur, volunteer organization, if you can make yourself indispensable, you *become* the party.

There is no doubt that the New Coalition looks forward to another precinct delegate onslaught in 1970. It counts on the mounting frustration to add to the substantial delegate base it has already gained, and hopes that New Dealers are too tired and demoralized to mount a counter-revolution. If they are right, new politics will determine Michigan's choice for Democratic Presidential nominee in 1972.

NIXON'S NOSTRUMS

Tax Bait in the Ghetto

CHARLES RABB
Mr. Rabb is a reporter in the Washington bureau of the New York Daily News.

Richard Nixon favors tax incentives as a way to develop the ghetto. Says the candidate: "Free enterprise goes where the profits are. Tax incentives can place these profits where the people are, and where the need is." Vice President Humphrey favors, but with less emphasis, "tax and other incentives for the building of low- and middle-income housing."

Mr. Nixon points to the "economic crisis confronting America today," which he says rules out a massive infusion of additional federal funds to the nation's cities. He proposes instead "things which can be done now—which do not require the massive spending which can neither be realistically promised nor responsibly delivered"—such as tax credits, increased government loans to ghetto enterprises, loan guarantee programs and "active efforts to interest traditional lending institutions in ghetto development."

The argument for tax credits runs like this: Our urban ghettos need additional moderate- and low-income housing; the unskilled inhabitants of the ghettos need training and jobs. Private enterprise knows how to do the job, but won't be attracted to the area unless the return is sufficiently generous. And what better way to entice private enterprise than with a tax credit or some other sort of tax break?

Adherents of this approach point out that tax incentives work automatically and, because they are imbedded in the tax code and not subject to Congressional uncertainties, permit industry to make long-range plans. And, if the 7 per cent investment credit is any guideline, tax credits work. Furthermore, it is argued, in a time of resistance to spending for social purposes, tax credits may be all that Congress will accept.

While few question this political appeal, a study of tax incentives, prepared for the National Commission on Urban Problems, rates them as a device of dubious effectiveness in dealing with the problems of core cities. Richard E. Slitor, author of the report, is an economist on the Treasury Department's tax staff who undertook the study while on a year's leave of absence. Apart from his institutional bias against any attempts to weaken the tax base, Slitor feels that tax incentives have several inherent weaknesses.

Under such a scheme, ghetto investment would be largely confined to those large corporations best able to take advantage of the credit. Community organizations labor unions and churches, which have no need for tax savings to offset other profitable enterprises, would be frozen out if subsidy were dropped in favor of tax write offs.

Slitor notes also that in the complex area of social and economic improvement, it is unrealistic to expect tax credits to operate without selective guidelines. Instead of facilitating bureaucratic procedure, the approach would make the Internal Revenue Service responsible for judging the suitability of housing programs.

As for the better-than-nothing argument—that tax in

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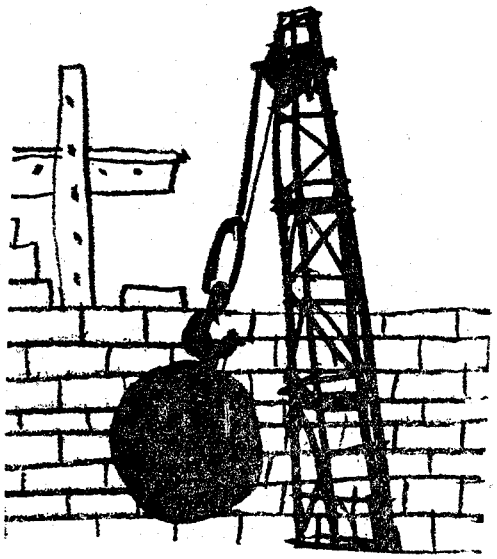
centives may be the only way to get any further ghetto subsidy out of Congress—it probably is no longer valid. With the increasing demand for tax credits as the answer to a broad range of problems has come greater Congressional awareness that a dollar lost from revenue increases the budget deficit as much as a dollar spent.

Chairman Wilbur D. Mills (D., Ark.) of the House Ways and Means Committee, Capitol Hill's most influential tax voice, said of tax credits in a House speech last December 13: "They are riding a rising crest of popular-



ity as a means of providing a subsidy—or incentive as it is sometimes called—for programs we apparently do not quite want to face as direct expenditure programs."

Mills said one of his basic objections to what he calls "backdoor spending" is that most of the benefits go to firms or individuals who would have undertaken the investment in any case; the credit thus amounts to a "windfall." He continued: "The increase in expenditures for the particular purpose that results from a tax credit could be achieved at a much lower cost, in terms of impact on the budget deficit, if the additional investment were financed through direct expenditures. The expenditure could more readily be channeled only to those who would not otherwise undertake the activity."

Former Sen. Paul H. Douglas, chairman of the National Commission on Urban Problems, feels that many politicians would rather vote for tax credits than for straight subsidies because it enables them to evade the charge that they are spending the public's money. "But the public always pays," he adds.

Perhaps the most unfortunate effect of stressing tax incentives is that it encourages the impression that ghetto problems can be solved by big business, with little cost to the taxpayer. Private investment cannot replace the public effort in the ghetto. The private sector cannot build at a profit housing within reach of the poor. Construction in the core cities is not cheap. Land costs are high and rising. Real estate taxes are steep. Building codes are complex. Insurance comes at a premium. The ghetto, in short, is an unpromising investment.

Yet we cannot accept the alternative of permitting a steady deterioration of the urban slums. The price is too high, both in human misery and in the threat such conditions pose to the stability of the community at large.

Much of the present difficulty exists because the government has not brought its resources directly to bear on the problem. Urban renewal programs have been used to develop luxury or middle-income housing and commercial centers, often with the effect of further reducing the limited supply of dwellings available to the poor. [See "New Haven: Renewal and Riots" by Dane Archer, *The Nation*, June 3.] Tax laws frequently work to discourage a real estate investor from maintaining his property or holding onto it for an extended period.

The public housing program, systematically undernourished by Congressional hostility and now by war-imposed budget restrictions, has produced a woefully inadequate 650,000 units in thirty years. The Riot Commission proposed that 600,000 low- and moderate-income housing units be built in 1969 alone and 6 million units in the next five years.

Although the political winds may be blowing the other way, what this calls for is an increased government role in the ghetto—and greater federal spending.

To the extent that talk of tax credits and other incentives postpones or clouds public awareness of the problem, it is an impediment to the urban dialogue. This does not rule out a role for private development capital in the core cities. With resources far greater than the public sector can at present command, private capital must be actively and deeply involved in the ghetto. But its contribution must be viewed as a supplement, not a substitute, for the public sector.

Conviction Hoax

FRANK SERRI
Mr. Serri is a member of the New York bar and a former president of the Kings County Criminal Courts Bar Association.

Eugene McCarthy has said wittily of Richard Nixon's campaign methods: he "punts on the first down." This erratic and irresponsible attempt to get rid of problems is beautifully illustrated by the candidate's comment in the field of criminal law: "If the conviction rate was doubled in this country, it would do more to eliminate crime in the future than a quadrupling of the funds for any government war on poverty."

It would be difficult to pack into one sentence more irrelevancy and a more complete misunderstanding of the nature and magnitude of the crime problem. The exact opposite of what Nixon proposed would come much nearer the truth: "Quadruple the funds for government war on poverty, and the conviction rate will take care of itself."

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Exhortations to double the conviction rate—without defining it—imply erroneously that the key to the solution is in the courts. It seems to say that if the courts were not "soft on criminals," the conviction rate would escalate and the citizenry would once more know tranquillity. It embodies the popular but incorrect notion that what happens in the courts makes the crime rate go up or down. It misconceives wholly the nature of the crime problem. It overlooks the central principle: the roots of crime are not in the courtroom but in the society.

The opposite line of argument—that court decisions do not increase or decrease the crime rate—is powerfully supported by Justice Fortas *in re* Gault 387 U.S. 1. He correctly pointed out that juvenile delinquency under the old, easy rules, with no "handcuffs" on police, no warnings, no counsel, jumped enormously—by a far greater percentage than did the crime rates for adults. The basic statistics of the situation were succinctly stated by James Reston recently in *The New York Times*, though on this occasion Mr. Reston strangely failed to read the implications of his own research:

> For this we get about what we pay for. That is to say, we get a system that leads to arrests in only about 25% of all serious crimes. We get convictions in only about 10% of those arrested, and in the end, those actually incarcerated amount to only about 2%.

The decisive figure there is "arrests in only 25% of all serious crimes." Out of 100 crimes reported, seventy-five are never solved, the perpetrators never arrested. And, of course, no one is brought to court. That is the great weak spot, the huge gap in our enforcement system. For 75 per cent of the wrongdoers, "conviction rate" is meaningless. Court decisions and practices can't be applied to persons never arrested.

If Nixon talked not of "doubling the conviction rate" but of "doubling the clearance rate"—clearing by arrests 50 per cent instead of 25 per cent of the reported crimes—he would be striking closer to the center of the target. Such a doubling of cases solved would be a big advance in law enforcement. But it cannot be achieved by any glib announcement of how "doubling the conviction rate" outweighs quadrupling the funds on war against poverty. It would require a major, a massive, outlay, increasing enormously the size and the effectiveness of every evidence-gathering and law-enforcement agency in the country.

There is a second, a lesser but nevertheless formidable gap in law enforcement. It occurs after arrest but before indictment. Arresting a suspect is not all there is to it. Sufficient evidence must be gathered to produce an indictment. If the law-enforcement agencies are unable to bring enough evidence before a grand jury to justify indictment, it is meaningless to talk of "a conviction rate after arrest."

The only conviction rate that means anything, that really tests the effectiveness of our court system, is the conviction rate *after indictment*. Forty per cent of those arrested are indicted: what happens to them? Between 85 per cent and 90 per cent *plead guilty*. Reston misses this controlling result. By erroneously lumping together the dismissals after arrest with the conviction rate after indictment, and by overlooking the enormous proportion of defendants who would rather plead guilty than stand trial, he arrives at the totally misleading figure of "10 per cent conviction rate after arrest."

Obviously, when you do not possess enough evidence to indict, it makes no sense to talk of a "conviction rate." Only when an indictment has been obtained do you enter the field of possible conviction. *After indictment,* the conviction rate tests the effectiveness of our court system. And the answer leaps from the record: 85 per cent to 90 per cent plead guilty! The report of the President's Commission on Law Enforcement and Administration of Justice (1967) states: "Most defendants who are convicted—as many as 90 per cent in some jurisdictions—are not tried."

The significance of this startling percentage of guilty pleas has been overlooked by some able judges. Judge Holtzoff still repeats (*New York Law Journal*, January 24, 1966) that "the primary tool of the criminal law is the trial." The primary tool, rather, is the guilty plea. The court system works. It convicts: about 90 per cent by guilty pleas and probably more than half of the balance of 10 per cent after trial. In the Federal Court, Southern District, New York, the total has reached 97 per cent.

This makes irrelevant all talk about "doubling the conviction rate."

When about 90 per cent plead guilty, and more than half the remainder are convicted after trial, the crime problem moves out of the courtroom and back into society. It is there that this tremendous problem must be investigated, there that far greater efforts must be made to curb and reduce it. And, as the President's Commission on Law Enforcement said: "No single formula, no single theory, no single generalization can explain the vast range of behavior called crime."

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ABYSS OF PROGRESS

E. J. MISHAN
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In a previous article (*The Nation*, November 27, 1967) I elaborated on the simple proposition that an index which evaluated the annual growth of man-made goods while assiduously ignoring the annual growth of man-made "bads"—the noxious spillover from modern industry and its products—could not be relied upon to plot the course of "real" income over time. Moreover, if the condition of society is such that the annual increment of goods adds a measure of choice that is marginal to people's contentment, while the annual increment of "bads" deprives them of environmental choices that are vital to their sense of well-being, a decline in social welfare may accompany the observed growth of GNP.

In principle, at least, many of these vexatious spillover effects can be measured, though in practice they are only beginning to enter into the cost-benefit studies of a number of public investment projects. The public, however, is becoming increasingly aware of the more blatant spillovers —motorized din on the ground and in the air, pollution of air and water, fume, smog, stench, the destruction of natural beauty and the "slumification" of built-up areas. Its concern has begun to shift these effects gradually toward the center of political discussion. If, eventually, legislation against the more corrosive side effects begins to curb their incidence, the case for economic growth would become somewhat less vulnerable than it is at present.

That case would remain weak, however, so long as we remained alert to the influence of less tangible factors that bear strongly on human welfare. The precondition of sustained economic growth is sustained discontent. Indeed, the success of the advertising agency turns on its ability to implant dissatisfactions in the minds of men; to impel them to earn more and to spend more in the vain endeavor to catch up with a receding horizon of material fulfillment. Again, sustained economic growth entails sustained innovation which, in turn, implies continuous obsolescence, not only of technology itself but of the associated skills and expertise. Specialized knowledge, experience, dexterity, accumulated over the years, the products of hard study and apprenticeship, can become obsolete today in a matter of months. For the scores of thousands that pour annually from our institutions of higher learning there is no assurance about the future, no resting on laurels; they are destined to live on the brink of obsolescence. Inevitably, the initial exhilaration of the younger generation, at the prospect of living in a world of continuous technological change, transforms itself over the years into a state of perpetual anxiety. Finally, the more significant product innovations—the automobile, self-service, television—all act to reduce interdependence, to isolate people from direct communication and direct human experience.

Now intangible consequences of economic growth suc as these may be conceded without allowing that they shoul be decisive. The case for growth could look for support t a number of other developments which, judged at least b 20th-century standards, are socially desirable: the advanc of medical knowledge, the conquest of poverty, the sprea of education. I shall have nothing to say here of the first— except that no previous generation has depended so heavil on drugs and medical treatment. Of the second, I confin myself to the cynical observation made by Arnold Toynbe that the wealthiest country, the United States, is the wors country in the world in which to be poor. On the questio of education, however, I cannot resist more expansiv reflections.

In the late 18th century, even in the 19th century when enlightened opinion came down in favor of nurtur rather than nature, and reformers believed in the infinit adaptability of man, the belief that greater leisure for th masses would be used in self-improvement was not al together implausible. Today it is. Though a smattering c "instant culture" is certainly one of the earmarks of th professional and middle classes, there is no hard evidenc to suggest that the mass of ordinary people are intereste in culture for its own sake. If the culture pill can be sugare and passed off as entertainment on television screens, will doubtless be swallowed without a murmur. But th fact remains that it is the sugar, not the culture, that is i demand.

It can be observed, on the other hand, that whereve the link between potential earnings and education is i evidence, the interest in education of people, at all level of society, distinctly quickens. Thus when economist apply themselves to measure the value of education—i order, generally, to justify the expansion of higher educa tion—it is to vocational education that they turn. But t justify economic growth by reference to the expansion c educational opportunities, which opportunities in turn ar valued in terms of their contribution to economic growth strikes one as being a remarkably circular procedure. It i much like affirming that a man should eat more as thi enables him to work harder, so giving him an appetite t eat more.

And certainly the mass education toward which we ar moving cannot easily be accepted as a civilizing influenc in itself. The overextended mega-universities of the Unite States, having campuses of 30,000 students or more, i perhaps the only way of dealing with a domestic studen population which is expected to pass the 10 million mar within the next five years. But in these vast automate teaching factories one must not look for the virtues onc associated with the university—an atmosphere conduciv to reflection, discourse and tolerance, leisure to think an to immerse oneself for a while in the disinterested pursui of learning. In these vast and highly organized teachin corporations, vocational learning (and not vocationa learning alone) is increasingly assimilated via closed

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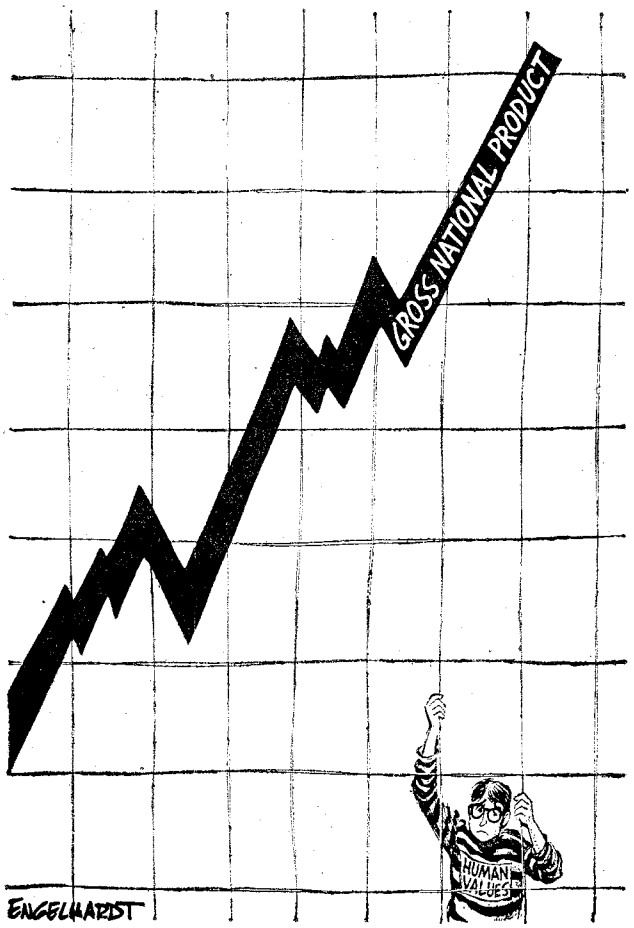
circuit television and tape recorders. Discussion groups are being superseded by teaching machines. Contact with tutors is giving way to contact with computerized information centers.

I do not argue that this application of technology to teaching methods is less efficient. If students could dehumanize themselves as readily as do the universities, they could well become more knowledgeable than students trained by more traditional methods. But if they cannot; if they resist the new technology, what then? Not surprisingly there is a growing revolt against the Orwellian features



of the new automated education. It is not altogether fantastic for a student to feel he is being machine-cut, pressed, molded and trimmed to fit into a complex industrial system that is geared to churn out endless streams of plastic and gadgetry for a mass-consumption society that has no apparent interest in his latent idealism nor cares for his resentments or anxieties—save as they reduce his productivity. Rightly, then, he does not feel proud or privileged. Rightly, then, he feels somehow cheated, and in his resentment or despair makes common cause with others.

If we turn, then, to the professional and academic groups, among which it might be reasonable to suppose that increased leisure would beget increased culture, we find little cause for comfort. Among the professional groups, among doctors, engineers, administrators, scientists, lawyers, accountants and a countless variety of parvenu experts, it is not impossible that official working hours will be reduced over time—though one feels certain that they work a good deal harder now than they ever did before the war. But this trend would provide no clue to the "free" time, the unpre-empted leisure, at the disposal of a member of this group. Since his earnings and, at least as important, his status depend upon his acknowledged proficiency, the painful choice, between using his leisure to add to his enjoyment or to maintain and add to his status and earnings, tends to be resolved in favor of the latter. Indeed, the current "exponential" growth in each branch of knowledge—and the consequent fear of finding himself a victim of the pace of progress, his hard-earned expertise become obsolete—is more likely to increase his anxiety and to reduce his free leisure over the foreseeable future.

A lot may be said about the practical difficulties of coordinating knowledge in the future. But confining ourselves here to the economic compulsion for men to learn more and more about less and less, it need hardly be observed that such learning is the antithesis of the learning of the educated man as traditionally understood—the "man of parts" who could converse and speculate intelligently over a wide range of subjects. Up to the turn of the 19th century it was still possible to be educated in this latter sense. The really tragic consequence of the seemingly irreversible trend toward a more intensive and systematic mining into the surface of knowledge—and this holds true even of the humanities—is the utter impossibility of men ever again being educated men.*

But if the educated man, as once conceived, is granted to be a creature of past civilizations, the faithful today seek consolation in the growth of scientific manpower. Applied on a massive scale, scientific research, it is believed, will ultimately unlock the secrets of the abundant life (though for the present it is largely engaged in providing solutions to the tangle of urgent problems brought about by the continued application of science to society). Of course, the possibility that it will do so can be entertained; but so also can the possibility that the excessive love of science is ultimately more subversive of the moral foundations of society than the excessive love of money.

As far back as the ancient civilizations men have recognized the corrupting influence of the single-minded pursuit of money. When this vice becomes an approved part of the ethos of Western society—as it gradually did between the 18th and 19th centuries, though perhaps more so in the United States than in any other country—its corrupting influence is revealed in the character and tastes of the public, as also in the style of living and the shape of towns and cities.

With the growth in popularity of the cinema, followed by the radio, and more recently television, we are becom-

* The growing sales of art reprints, of popular histories, of classical records, provides no evidence to the contrary. The taste of the public is guided by "amateur experts," themselves guided by more professional experts, and can be viewed as a response to fashion, or as a purchase of status goods. However "sincere" is their search for learning, such a public is the passive recipient of tidbits of "culture" passed on to them. It has no affinity with the educated elites of other ages.

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ing conscious of the increased powers of these new media to mold for profit not only public opinion but the character, even the morality, of the young and impressionable. Yet there are some checks even today on the extent to which commerce and commercial entertainment are free to develop a taste for sadism, pornography and violence. There are none, apparently, on propaganda which inculcates an inordinate ambition in a man and encourages unrealizable expectations—obvious prerequisites for a life macerated by discontent and frustration.

I do not for a moment underestimate the corruptive powers of commercial interests in molding the shoddy tastes, the shallow passions, and the mindless opportunism of millions the world over; but I fear far more the unchecked growth of technology and the petulant, parasitic mass society it cannot help producing. The worship of Mammon is damnable, but it is a common failing. The ruthless jostle for pecuniary gain is debasing, but it is still human. In consequence, a man may feel more comfortable in the market place, among the familiar follies and vices of humanity, than he does contemplating the blind devotions of the priesthood in the temple of science. His declarations to the contrary notwithstanding, the scientist is not at all interested in human welfare. Some may be interested in knowledge "for its own sake." Individually, each is to a greater or lesser extent interested in recognition, in the kudos of published scientific papers. As a fraternity, however, scientists are interested in the search for power—at whatever cost to humanity at large.

Furthermore, today's apotheosis of the intellect, of sheer brain power, has entailed a devaluation of all other qualities that once made up a man. The man of today, ideally, is one who by a new alchemy has transmuted the fullness of his emotional inheritance into a single flame of intellectual concentration. To this new being, to the scientist who is taking over the earth, nothing matters very much save the burning task of ripping out the secrets of the universe. For him, as for his ally, the technocrat, the world of human impulse is an irrelevance. Society is already moving from the traditional world of vice and virtue, comedy and tragedy, into a world where there is only sickness and health, efficiency and inefficiency. Anyone who sincerely believes that from giving the scientists and technocrats their head there will emerge a secure and serene future for the common man is no ordinary optimist.

Again, one asks, have we any choice? If we conclude that we cannot stop the juggernaut of science, let us not conceal our helplessness from ourselves, or take refuge in a bogus pride about the "unquenchable human spirit." Let us have the honesty to affirm that we are not free agents, and at least contemplate the possibility that, like Satan, humanity is predestined to soar onward "with compulsion and laborious flight" to a doom of its own making.

A world in which the great powers stand armed in mortal fear of one another is not one in which a call to halt the advance of technology is likely to make much impression. If we survive the next war, and there comes into being a single world government, it is not impossible that a more humane wisdom will prevail. The habit of empirical research has grown over the centuries, and it cannot be disowned overnight. But in a dispensation wiser than any we can readily visualize—one in which it was finally recognized that no matter how "exciting" or "efficient" was an innovation, its ultimate contribution to human happiness was likely to be slight, whereas the risk of its causing social disharmony or ecological disaster was large—we could, for a while, permit scientists to go on probing the universe if they wished, provided we took measures to insure that they did not change it. This new and wiser society will be wealthy enough, I assume, to finance their activity for some time, and to allay their craving for recognition by the provision of prizes and titles. All their contributions to knowledge would be faithfully recorded for the admiration of their colleagues and for the wonder of future generations. Applications of any of their discoveries would, however, be strictly forbidden. History would not therefore stop. The human drama would continue to unfold. Music, art, literature and politics would, I hope, flourish. Only technological change would be a thing of the past.

Is it possible that, under more favorable circumstances, in a world in which peace was assured, so exacting a wisdom might prevail? If one is old-fashioned enough to believe in free will, the possibility cannot be ruled out. But the likelihood of its coming to pass is not high. The study of history does not abound with examples of ordinary people who are willing to renounce immediate and tangible gains for some ideal conception of the good life.

LETTERS *(Continued from page 450)*

appeared in magazines first, but when they were published in book form, Che selected them, placed them in the order he preferred and wrote a foreword.

Braverman denies (as if he were quoting me) that Monthly Review decided to "add" articles to this edition, but that is not how I described what they had done. I wrote: "Monthly Review . . . has apparently taken over the Maspero French edition without explaining why it is switching chapters around." Monthly Review could have blamed this on Maspero; instead, in order to assure us that they worked on the project a long time. Mr. Braverman avers, "we had collected the post-1963 articles and were able to produce a much more nearly complete volume." The fact is that not all the articles Monthly Review published were originally published after 1963. I said this in my review and cited four articles Che wrote in 1959 on the military history of the insurrection as an instance of their unorthodox editing, for two were used at the start of the book and two (with several paragraphs dropped) at the end. With, of course, no explanation to the reader. Is the fact that Che did not include them in the book to which he wrote a foreword no sign of his intentions?

I don't object to the publication of as much of Che's writings as Mr. Braverman can find. I do object to their being presented—without explanation—in a manner or sequence that was not of Che's choosing. Meeting such a standard is elementary scholarship. . . . An editor taking public responsibility for what was done to Che's work would surely have made it impossible for me to make the one mistake of my review: that Victoria Ortiz's translation, which *is* the smoothest available, was entirely from the French when, Mr. Braverman now informs us, only part of it was.

Jose Yglesias

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

The Two Lives of Andre Malraux

ANTI-MEMOIRS. *By André Malraux. Translated from the French by Terence Kilmartin. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. 420 pp. $8.95.*

PAUL ZWEIG
Mr. Zweig teaches at Columbia University. He is the author of The Heresy of Self-Love: A Study of Subversive Individualism, *just published by Basic Books.*

"The elephant is wisest of all animals. He alone remembers his former lives; and he remains silent for a long time, meditating upon them."

With this epigraph, Malraux begins his *Anti-Memoirs*. After a silence of almost twenty-five years, half of which he has spent in a kind of life after death as Minister of Culture in the French Government, Malraux has decided to recall his former lives. Yet this first volume of *Anti-Memoirs* (there will be others, to be published posthumously) is not autobiography in any ordinary sense. "I have no interest in myself," Malraux notes, and one recalls the preface to *The Days of Contempt*, written thirty-five years ago, where he argued so vigorously against the modern literary psyche, with its passion for self-involvement.

In that "former life," André Malraux chose the battle for social justice and the comradeship of men who risked their bodies instead of their words, opposing his choice to the "subjectivism" of the surrealists, and the endless inward dialogues of Proust and Kafka. In Malraux's present life, that choice, perhaps, has been rescinded; but the distrust of "sincerity" remains. "Until I was thirty, I lived among men obsessed by sincerity," he writes; but "the proud shame of Rousseau," he adds of the *Confessions*, "cannot wipe out the pitiful shame of Jean-Jacques."

Malraux, instead, has chosen to confess nothing. Like Sartre in his autobiographical sketch, *The Words*, Malraux has sought a model for his style, not in the memorialist tradition established by Rousseau but in the novel. Sartre's model was undoubtedly Flaubert; Malraux looks closer to himself. He has become his own model. He notes how often it happened that his writing foreshadowed his life, as if the fiction were a source for the acts that would later claim him.

It is fitting, therefore, that the chapter headings of *Anti-Memoirs* should be the titles of his own novels and essays: *The Walnut Trees of Altenburg, The Temptation of the West, The Royal Way, Man's Fate*. Passages from his novels which are embedded in the text, are perfectly at home there. Indeed, the chapters taken from *The Walnut Trees of Altenburg*, which appear early in *Anti-Memoirs*, set a standard which Malraux will find it hard to maintain throughout. Another well-known episode, the magnificent escape flight from Germany in *The Days of Contempt*, is found here among the author's Arabian adventures. We discover that the flight had been a real one, over the Aures Mountains of Algeria in 1934, where for the first time, Malraux tells us, he encountered "the cosmos of *The Iliad* and the *Ramayana*":

> I felt as if I had escaped the force of gravity, and were now suspended somewhere among the worlds, caught up in a primitive battle with the cloud, while under me the earth continued on its way, though I would never meet up with it again.*

At such moments, Malraux discovered a grandeur of experience which lay beyond the personal. Questioned by death, and the risk of death, the world gave answers, he felt, but in a language which only the adventurer could understand. The hero of Malraux's novels was an anti-Proust and an anti-Joyce. Not that he valued more than they did the careful civilities and the social ambition which had been a ground of spiritual encounter for 19th-century novelists. But the colloquy with self, the inward narrative which characterizes our modern literary sensibility, asked the wrong questions, Malraux felt. His novels asked another question, and the *Anti-Memoirs* ask it again, more elaborately: "In the writing of novels, in war, in museums both real and imaginary, in culture, in history perhaps, I have encountered a fundamental enigma. . . . The man you will find here is one attuned to the questions death asks the meaning of the world."

In *The Royal Way*, Perkin, dying, cried out: "There is no death; there is only me, dying." The problem in *Anti-Memoirs* has been turned around. Malraux now casts an impersonal light upon a world questioned by death, littered with shipwrecked idols of the human. He meditates on the frailty of "artistic" survival. He describes elegiacally the "metamorphosis" of the gods into art. As if the "fraternity" of men bound together by extreme danger, and by their common passion for an idea of social justice, had been replaced by a colder fraternity of broken images, of statues artfully restored in the museums of Cairo, Paris and Peking. Between the novelist and memorialist, another "former life" emerges to shape the *Anti-Memoirs*: that of the art historian, the memorialist of human forms, carrying on his meditation in the museums and monuments of Egypt, among the Mayan ruins of Mexico, in the sacred grottoes and temples of India. It is their memoirs that Malraux is writing here, as much, perhaps, as his own. Pieces of legend are caught up into the baroque prose, forming a succession of superb vignettes—like that of the Roman Commander Malraux evokes, who marched his legions into the inland sea of Arabia. They emerged, their casks filled with luminous sea shells, and marched over the sand to a rapid death by sunstroke.

> For two centuries, Arab travelers told about an army of breastplates and skeletons, buried to their chests in the sand as they had been in the sea; their fingers held up to the sun casks filled with sea shells. Because they could not have the sea, the setting sun gave the entire desert to these dead men, projecting far over the flat sands the legionary shadows, and those of several hands opened above the fallen casks—their fingers stretching out to infinity over the sand, like miser's fingers.

Against this background of exotic imagery, today's André Malraux appears transformed. He is still a traveler, and he travels to the same places: Arabia, Indo-China, China. The *Anti-Memoirs* begin—like *The Conquerors* and *The Royal Way*—in mid-ocean, as the author sails for Egypt and then the Far East. The flight to the Orient is still, for Malraux, a voyage through the gates of horn. This time, however, his credentials are somewhat more in order. He is Monsieur le Ministre, on his way to inspect the monuments of Egypt before they are drowned behind the Aswan Dam. He is the guest of Nehru and Mao Tse-tung, the friend and envoy of Charles de Gaulle. Malraux talks at length with these "men of history," and his conversations

*All quotations are in the reviewer's own translation from the French.

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are an important part of *Anti-Memoirs*. Again Malraux's model is his own novels. We recall the passionate political arguments in *Man's Hope,* the magnificent colloquy in *The Walnut Trees of Altenburg*.

Yet these passages are somehow the most disappointing in the book. The official Malraux has become pompous and wooden. When he talks politics with de Gaulle or Mao, the arguments fall onto the page like tired newsprint. When he muses with Nehru about the loss of the sacred, or the eternal duplicity of political power, he is unconvincing. Such conversations are neither good journalism nor good fiction.

In a revealing passage, he writes, disapprovingly: "To know a man today means above all to know what is irrational in him, what he is unable to control, what he would eliminate from the idea he has of himself. . . ." What fascinates him in the men he calls "*hommes d'histoire*" is the complete suppression of this dubious intimacy. Their contact with "history" has dissolved the small, private monologues; they have nothing to erase because "history" has elevated them into their images. He writes admiringly of de Gaulle: "To everyone, with the exception perhaps of his family, he seemed a courteous reflection of his legendary character." In his conversations with these men, Malraux is all too faithful to the "idea he has of himself" and to the idea they have of themselves. Questioned by "history," Malraux's world is unexpectedly empty. His "men of history" are pale successors to the obscure adventurers of the novels.

In this sense the gray eminence of *Anti-Memoirs* is General de Gaulle. He embodies "history" for Malraux, as the statues in the grottoes of Ellora embody "the sacred." More important, it is de Gaulle who made Malraux himself into a "man of history," and a faint warmth of gratitude enlivens those passages where Malraux describes his meetings with the General.

In this empyrean of historical titans, the *raison d'état* has gained a kind of metaphysical sanction. Malraux's discretion on Algeria, his complete silence on the moral dilemma presented by the torturing of Algerians by the French army, is understandable. He is not interested in those dubious secrets of history, which the "great man" would willingly have erased from his image. Malraux, in these portions of his book, has allowed "history" in the form of General de Gaulle, to become his unavowed censor.

Malraux's allegiance to de Gaulle, and through de Gaulle to France (he confides to Nehru: "*j'ai épousé la France*"), is nonetheless an uneasy union. It forces him into a curious confrontation with himself. As France's envoy to India and China, he feels that he is the bearer of a historical message. "For us," Nehru tells him, "France is the revolution." And Malraux adds: "In Africa, in Latin America, even when the materials of the revolution are Russian, its language remains French." Thus Malraux carries with him an echo of his "former lives." His passion for social justice survives, transformed into the rhetoric of his patriotism and national pride. As France's official representative, he can still be the voice of revolution; it is through him now that is heard "the exaltation of the combat for justice proclaimed from Saint-Just to Jaurès."

Yet France is not only the revolution, and Malraux seems to have missed the irony of Nehru's remark. For behind Malraux's government, and his "man of history," stands a family of historical portraits: Pétain, Louis-Philippe, Napoleon, Louis XIV. This is the other France of paternal authority, empire, and bureaucracy: the France which dismantled the revolution, drowned the commune in blood, and overwhelmed the revolutionary turmoil of 1945. This is the France Malraux in fact represents. There is a moment of irony which is surely not intended, when Malraux speaks admiringly to Mao of that other great military chief, Napoleon. To the leader of the greatest guerrilla army of all time, he cites Napoleon who set out in Spain to destroy the first of the guerrilla armies, with a brutality which Goya has not let us forget.

Like all interesting fiction *Anti-Memoirs* is sometimes truer than it means to be. At a time when the "subjectivist" traditions of the novel have begun to appear thin, it is stimulating to encounter a work so wholly devoted to reversing their values. Malraux's ambition to write the memoirs of the world he has lived, and not of the self he has been, gives impetus to the best passages in *Anti-Memoirs* and makes it, despite its many disappointments, an important book. In the end, Malraux has not been wholly absorbed into his official disguise. Behind the speeches and the patriotism remains a passion for adventure which moves brilliantly through the book. I am thinking, for example, of Malraux's meeting in Singapore with a shadow from his past. Clappique, the great "baron" of *Man's Fate,* slaps him on the back and drags him off to a café to reminisce about the old days in Shanghai; above all, to read him a movie script he has just written: the life of that half-legendary adventurer, the Count of Meyrena, who had been a model for Perkin in Malraux's *The Royal Way*. During the 19th century Meyrena had carved a fragile empire among the dissident tribes of Indo-China, and Malraux-Clappique now tells his story. It is a great novella, occupying almost 100 pages of the *Anti-Memoirs,* and it is Malraux at his best. Finally, one wonders where Malraux's surviving brilliance will lead him in his long enterprise of autobiography. Perhaps he will break through the official shell even more thoroughly in the posthumous volumes of *Anti-Memoirs,* and so end his literary career as monumentally as he began it forty years ago with the series of his great novels.

Our Elusive Upper Class

WHO RULES AMERICA? *By G. William Domhoff. Prentice-Hall. 184 pp. $4.95. Paper $2.45.*

VERNON K. DIBBLE
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This book contends that there is a national upper class in the United States whose position in the federal government, in the economy, and in certain other institutions makes it a governing class. It defines a governing class as "a social upper class which owns a disproportionate amount of a country's wealth, receives a disproportionate amount of a country's yearly income, and contributes a disproportionate number of its members to the controlling institutions and key decision-making groups of the country."

Professor Domhoff handles a number of different questions. First, is there a national upper class and, if so, who is in it? Second, does it control the corporate economy and if so, how? Third, what organs of government does it, and does it not, control? And how does it influence organs, such as municipal governments, that it does not control? Fourth, if there is a governing class, then what about all the evidence of pluralistic politics? What about splits within the governing class? How do we explain businessmen who inveigh against a government that they supposedly control? And what of the various restraints on the freedom of the governing class to do whatever it might want?

It is not possible in this review to

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summarize, much less to evaluate, the author's answers to all of these questions. We shall concentrate upon the first two (is there a national upper class and does it control the economy?), and on his concept of a "governing class."

Professor Domhoff uses a variety of quantitative information (e.g., more than 75 per cent of Lundberg's sixty families have easily traceable descendants in the *Social Register*) and a variety of anecdotes (e.g., a story in the *San Francisco Chronicle* about the wedding of an heiress) to conclude that there is "an American upper class of intermarrying families that is national in scope," and that this class is "an observable, differentiated, interacting social group with more or less definite boundaries."

Fairly "definite boundaries" are methodologically crucial. For if there is any stratification in a society at all, people who rank high with respect to one of the good things of life usually have disproportionate amounts of the other good things as well. And so long as you deal with arbitrarily defined strata (such as "low income," "middle income" and "high income"), you can often strengthen or weaken the statistical associations that show disproportionate advantages by juggling the boundaries in a way that tips the associations in the direction you desire. Hence, if Domhoff's "governing class" is to mean more than the familiar fact that different types of stratification tend to go along together, his "social upper class" must have rather definite, nonarbitrary boundaries.

But his findings on this score do not seem to be conclusive. He considers a person to be in the upper class if he qualifies by at least one of seven different criteria, including: a listing in the *Social Register* (except in the Washington, D.C. edition), membership in certain designated clubs, graduation from certain schools, marriage to a person who would otherwise qualify, and similar tests.

Domhoff admits that each of these criteria is inadequate. But he seems to argue, without making the point in precisely this way, that you can use a single criterion (such as membership in a certain club) without going too far off base, because the various criteria are highly associated statistically. One item can stand for the whole package, because the various items hang together. But you need a variety of criteria where no single criterion works across the board. (Some large cities do not have a *Social Register*, and some people are reticent about being listed.) But all of the various tests mean essentially the same thing.

The book includes no data on these issues. (For example, what percentage of the members of the designated clubs had graduated from the designated schools?) And I suspect that further refinements of this sort might show rather less definite boundaries than Domhoff expects to find. For, unlike Marxist or Weberian definitions of class positions, all his tests of membership in the "social upper class" are criteria that high-ranking people themselves create and sustain by their own conscious actions. And their consciousness is likely to be fuzzy around the edges.

For one thing, the ladies have a lot to do with maintaining some of the practices that are among the author's criteria. *Social Register* society has *grandes dames*, but no *grands hommes*. And while the men are busy with the serious business of corporate investment or running foundations, in concert with other men whom the ladies never see, the ladies are free to define the tests of admission to balls and registers. They do so, in part, in terms of taste, style and mannerisms that allow for some degree of idiosyncratic variations.

This sort of thing is important. But it is important froth. If private schools, private clubs and the *Social Register* were abolished tomorrow, and nothing else were changed, there would still be

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an upper class, though Domhoff's methods would not enable us to find it. For he looks at certain consequences of class positions (i.e., of positions in the institutions of property) for a person's wealth, style of life and cultural advantages, rather than at class positions themselves, and at the institutions of property that define them.

When Domhoff turns to the American economy, this approach leads him sometimes to write as if he were saying that a certain group of people control the economy because they are in the *Social Register* and all that, rather than the other way around. Part of his analysis of the position of the "social upper class" in the American economy has to do with the ownership of stock. He cites various studies of the distribution of ownership, and concludes that "the decline of family capitalism does not mean widespread stock ownership within the general population: it means dispersal within the upper class." He goes on to tell stories about various "interest groups" (the Mellons, for example), and cites studies by Sweezy, Perlo, Kolko and others, to conclude that "the biggest stockholders in the largest corporations are actively involved in determining the general policies and selecting the managers of these companies."

More important to his argument, however, are his own data on the boards of directors of "the top 15 banks, the top 15 insurance companies, and the top 20 industrials," as of 1963. He studied these fifty firms "on the assumption that these companies are the dominant elements in the American economy." He argues, first, that the American economy "is controlled by a very small number of very large corporations, banks, and insurance companies." In this context (as an accompanying footnote makes clear), "control" means economic concentration.

Domhoff must have something more in mind—for example, the ability of large corporations to invest in technology that changes the occupational structure, and their freedom to do so, without first checking with vocational high schools to see if they are ready to cope with the changes; or their freedom to negotiate wages, without first making sure that city governments are financially able to follow along, so they won't have strikes by teachers, firemen and garbage collectors. By control he must mean, or should mean, something more than sheer degree of concentration. By that definition, if 49 per cent of the artisans and peasants in a small-holder economy have 51 per cent of the wealth, then they control that economy.

Second, in large corporations the boards of directors are "decisive" because, while boards delegate "minor decisions and technical research," the directors make "major decisions, such as those of investment, and select the men who will carry out daily operations. In fact, their power to change management . . . is what we mean by 'control.'" In this context, "control" refers to organizational authority and legal prerogative.

Third, Domhoff reports that 53 per cent of the directors of the fifty banking, insurance and industrial firms he studied are members of the upper class. (The same percentage holds in transportation, but in utilities and in merchandising the percentages are smaller.) The directors of the fifty firms who are not upper class, apart from a few foreigners, are executives who have come through the ranks, corporation lawyers, wealthy Jews, former military men, presidents of colleges and of foundations, technical experts of various sorts, and a few small, local businessmen. In this context, "control" has still a third meaning. Domhoff writes that the presence of directors who are not in the upper class is no reason to doubt "that members of the upper class continue to control the corporate economy" because some types (e.g., executives) are trusted employees and other types (e.g., wealthy Jews and foreigners) are not numerous enough to matter. In this context, then, to "control" means to have a majority.

In short, the large corporations control the economy, the boards control the corporations, and the social upper class, as the author defines it, controls the boards. Therefore, the upper class controls the economy. The logic is fine, except for the different meanings of "control."

But even with no such problems, I am not sure what difference it makes to say that the "social upper class" does or does not control the economy, so long as we define "upper class" in Domhoff's way. Whether in the *Social Register* or not, whether graduates of Groton or of Cobleskill High School, directors of corporations will choose more profitable investments over less profitable ones (whatever the pursuit of the commonweal might require); will seek to maintain stable systems of authority within their organizations; will give something to charities and to education; and will desire manageable, nonrevolutionary political and social change at home and abroad.

Perhaps the existence of "an observable, differentiated, interacting social group with more or less definite boundaries," whose members have various prestigious credentials, makes little or no difference for the way a corporation is run, but does make a difference for the mesh between different institutions in American society. For example, perhaps a network of personal trust grows up in such a group, making capitalists more ready than they would otherwise be to accept reformist innovations in politics if some trustworthy men of their own kind give the word that a proposed reform is acceptable or necessary. But in any case, we want to know not simply what percentage of all corporate directors also enjoy private clubs, but what difference it makes that some do and some do not.

Domhoff uses the same technique that he applies to corporate directors to study foundations, the trustees of universities,

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the mass media and various agencies of government. That is, he asks what percentage of any given body are, and are not, members of the upper class, by his criteria. He concludes, for example, that "members of the American upper class do not control [i.e., do not have a majority in] the Legislative branch" of the federal government; that they do control the Treasury and the Department of Defense, but not the Agriculture and Interior Departments; and that they do not control the majority of news outlets but do control "every major opinion-molding institution in the country." He also examines the CIA, the military, state and local governments and numerous other organizations.

This method leads Domhoff to make some rather curious statements. For example, after noting that former Secretary of the Treasury Henry Morgenthau, Jr. was "a Jewish member of the upper class who was a neighbor of President Roosevelt's in the New York countryside," he writes:

> His replacement, Fred M. Vinson, was a Kentucky-born lawyer, politician, and judge who was moved to the Supreme Court within a year of his appointment. Following the Vinson interlude, control was returned to the bankers and financiers with the appointment of John Snyder, vice-president of the First National Bank of St. Louis, who had served in a variety of ways during the war.

If bankers and financiers really had control of the Treasury when (and because) Morgenthau was in charge, lost control when (and because) Vinson took over, and gained control once again under Snyder, then their control of this agency is very precarious indeed. It depends upon the social background of a single man in the key spot, and if Betty Furness were to become Secretary of the Treasury tomorrow, the bankers and financiers had better start trembling. And if such things really happen, then Domhoff must show that the Treasury under Vinson acted contrary to the interests of bankers and financiers, but never did so under Morgenthau and Snyder. If he cannot show that, then his data on the class backgrounds of various governmental officials and foundation presidents might simply show that thousands of members of the upper class are selflessly devoting themselves to the public good by taking jobs in public service that pay less money than the jobs they could have in business.

But, of course, the author does not really believe his statement about the Vinson interlude. He was led to this slip of the typewriter keys by his definition of a "governing class," as a social upper class which, among other things, "contributes a disproportionate number of its members to the controlling institutions and key-decision-making groups of the country." His use of this concept has led him to some valuable descriptive data on the extent of overlap between different kinds of hierarchies—social prestige, wealth, income and organizational authority. But it has not led him to an analysis of classes in an era of corporate capitalism, or to an examination of the structural links between economic and other institutions.

Following the lead of most American sociologists (the author is himself a psychologist), he fails to distinguish between the historically specific concept of "class" and other phenomena such as distributions of social prestige, or of income, that may be subsumed under the ahistorical concept of "stratification." More crucial, however, is his apparent assumption that you study power, and both the economic bases and the economic goals of political power, by finding out what sorts of people are in what sorts of political jobs.

If Socialists took over the Treasury tomorrow, the constraints upon their actions (e.g., flows of capital that are largely removed from political control, the ultimate possibility of investment strikes) would be the same as they are on the Treasury today, unless there were some general crisis in American capitalism. Nor is it by any means obvious that capitalists in the Treasury are more likely than professional politicians, say, to govern in the interests of large corporations. In fact, one might argue just the opposite.

The greater the isolation of capitalist business enterprises from politics, and the more politics is run by professional politicians, the more free businessmen are to maximize market rationality, unconstrained by purely political considerations and goals. When the English gentry had rural enterprises that produced for a market, but were also the bases of the gentry's political authority, they had to be "good to their tenants" in ways that could interefere with market rationality. But when business enterprises and politics are structurally isolated, businessmen can leave it to politicians to worry about stable authority in the society (stepping in occasionally when politicians fail, as with Urban Coalition), while they worry about profits; and they can limit, simply by their own freedom to operate in the market, the alternatives open to politicians (sometimes preventing the politicians from maintaining stable authority).

Domhoff wants to show that this description does not fit the United States today, that the "social upper class" is

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IF I WERE CERTAIN

(Translated by Aijaz Ahmad and Carolyn Kizer)

If I were certain, o my friend and lover,
If I were certain that your muffled pulse,

Grief in your eyes, heart in your breast afire
Could be revived by my devoted care

If sympathetic phrases were a cure
To lift the sterile shadows from your brain,

To wipe the stain of insult from your brow,
Could I restore your failing youth again!

If I were certain, o my friend and lover,
I would nurse you day and night without repose.

How I would croon you tender, moving songs,
Songs of cascades, of spring, and orchard blossoms.

Morning's commencement, the travelling moon and planets,
How I would spin you long, romantic tales!

Tales of proud girls whose stiff, unyielding bodies
Melt beneath the urgent warmth of hands,

How the features, learned by heart, of a single face,
Alter at once, and bloom before your very eyes,

How the marmoreal pallor of her skin
Warms, of a sudden, with a glow like wine.

And how the roses dip to touch your hand,
And how the imperial night bursts into fragrance.

Thus would I sing, sing endlessly for thee,
Weaving my songs, kneel endlessly beside thee.

No song of mine can be a panacea
For suffering, though it may soothe your grief.

My song is not a lancet but a salve
Touching the famous sorrows of your life.

Only a knife can end your agony,
Killing, redeeming. I cannot fulfill you,

Nor any breathing being on this earth
Except yourself, except yourself, except yourself.

FAIZ AHMAD FAIZ

A WOMAN THERE WAS

(Translated by Aijaz Ahmad and Carolyn Kizer)

If you were a child I could take you in my lap
And you would fling your arms about, and laugh
Seeming to quiver on the verge of speech.
Now, when you speak or smile, sometimes you fall
Across my breast, your voice a warbling wind
That penetrates the forest fastnesses,
Whispers its strange riddles to the heart;
Or a cool rivulet, tumbling and meandering
Its beauty frail, no force in its spangling drops,
Which may grow into a stream, a falls, an ocean!
I would float in my steerless craft, over the waves of you.
Move peacefully out to sea, and never return,
Sunk in a fathomless tranquillity.
If I could be a child, I too would shout,
Gesticulate, and wave my arms about
As if to quiver on the verge of speech. . . .

MEERAJI

OBSCURE VOCABULARY

(Translated by Aijaz Ahmad)

poetry: *a day yet to come,*
far ahead of today,
always.

poetry: *someone's letter*
addressed to all;
greetings, mad as the wind
that streams through a window half-open.

poetry: *the lash of sun-dazzle*
on body and soul gone dark;
festivity of light.

poetry: *for remembrance*
a day of enunciations;
a tremor
to change the mind's directions.

poetry: *that boundless sea*
of possibility,
sky into sky into sky.

poetry: *a taste of dying.*

M. SALIM-UR-REHMAN

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also a "governing class" (even though it does not "control," by his criteria, the most powerful legislative body in the world). He clearly assumes that his conclusions have more radical political implications than the alternative lines of thought that are sketched out here. But radicals and Socialists can hold that assumption only if they allow centrist pluralists who glory in the absence of a monolithic ruling class to define the issues for them, and fail to analyze American society from their own more penetrating perspective.

A Child of Paradise

EXPENSIVE PEOPLE. *By Joyce Carol Oates. Vanguard Press. 320 pp. $5.95.*

LOUIS T. GRANT
Mr. Grant is a short story writer and freelance critic.

So much of serious contemporary American fiction is self-conscious and literary in the worst sense that it is truly a "literature of exhaustion." It is a literature written on the floating island Jonathan Swift called Laputa, whether we are reading the elegant parallelograms of Updike or Roth's grotesque rhomboids. As Swift put it, "although they are dexterous enough upon a piece of paper in the management of the rule, the pencil, and the divider, yet in the common actions and behavior of life I have not seen a more clumsy, awkward, and unhandy people."

On the other hand, an occasional writer comes along, such as Joyce Carol Oates, whose books display a vision of significant human experience. Her characters in *By the North Gate, With Shuddering Fall,* and *A Garden of Earthly Delights,* were simple, uneducated, often illiterate people, to whom the problems of the human heart in conflict with itself were more real than the refined anxieties of the sophisticated. The stark, regional stories of *By the North Gate* did not so much remind me of Flannery O'Connor's work as confirm what I had taken to be her failures as a writer. Flannery O'Connor tortured her characters, like some Luigi Galvani of fiction, in order to demonstrate her own deep pessimism about life. Whereas Flannery O'Connor's characters merely twitched, Joyce Carol Oates's suffered.

Joyce Carol Oates's new and finest, thoroughly modern novel proves that it is possible to be relevant without being a regionalist, as she appeared to be in her previous work, although it is largely due to her apprenticeship to a regional literature that she is now able to write of the contemporary world without herself assuming its self-conscious, affected, trivial and artificial attitudes.

The "given" world of *Expensive People* is the best—the model—little enclaves of wealthy suburbia, where the sons of local butchers, now vice presidents of prosperous chains of Colonial-style Fish, Fowl and Meat Shoppes, gambol in enormous kidney-shaped swimming pools. Such a man is the father of *Expensive People*'s narrator, Richard Everett, a child murderer who has shot and killed his mother with a mail-order rifle. With an almost diabolical elegance, Joyce Carol Oates reveals the cruel story of Richard's childhood. Richard is the ignored quantity in one of those wealthy, unhappy marriages among the titleless aristocrats of our suburbs. His father is a busy, sentimental executive. His favorite phrase in moments of stress is, "Don't talk morbid." Richard's mother, Nastashya, is a minor novelist who enrolls her son in Johns Behemoth—a private school—with the following injunction: "Look reserved and a little abstracted. Look intelligent." At the school, which "seemed to me an elegant nightmare concoction made by adults for adults, to further the aims and fantasies of adults," Richard meets a boy of similar background, a 13-year-old alcoholic.

The creation of Nastashya, "this woman who was so simple in her way that all things ostentatious and expensive seemed emanations of a higher existence," is brilliant. The tortures she inflicts on her son in the name of civilization are as effective as the less refined ones inflicted out of pure brutality. One day she announces her disappointment in Richard's IQ score, 153, and coerces him into retaking the test. He surpasses himself out of love for his mother, scoring 161, fully aware that it is the score, not him, that matters. He is a self-declared "failure at eleven."

Evil has a logic; madness a structure few men discern. Slowly, with infinite grace, Joyce Carol Oates turns the conventions inside out and we see Nastashya Everett (nee, Nancy Rananow) creating in her son a monster in her own image and the image of the world she inhabits, as she stretches him upon the Danish-modern rack of her vapid ambitions, commandeers his adoration, and then abandons him for empty adulteries between appointments at the Cedar Grove Beauty Parlor. Not the cunning of reason, as Hegel said, but the cunning of madness disguised as convention rules this world. It takes its energy from the violation of human impulses and from the exploitation of natural means to achieve the unnatural ends of accumulation and regimentation.

Fernwood Village and Cedar Grove are the strongholds of this madness. The very existence of evil is unimaginable to their residents. And yet what Joyce Carol Oates accomplishes in *Expensive People* is the embodiment of the evil these people are without their ever knowing it:

> It is a lovely long walk. These spring days in Fernwood! Everything, everything is lovely in Fernwood! To tell you all of the sloping lawns, evergreen screens (planted in full growth), greening gardens, courtyards, oval driveways, to tell you of all the luxurious pleasures of their box-shaped houses, their fishponds, the glimpses of their colored maids at windows, washing windows that are already clean—ah, to tell you of these things would be to write another *Paradiso.*

And out of this empty, diabolical paradise runs the child murderer, the "child of freedom" and of civilization, like an 11-year-old Joe Christmas in bifocals and a blue blazer, blasting away at his mother.

MUSIC

DAVID HAMILTON
Mr. Hamilton is music editor for W. W. Norton, and for some time has contributed regularly to High Fidelity. *Benjamin Boretz is on leave for this season, but he will write occasionally in the next several months.*

A recent Columbia Records advertisement—"Ives, Stockhausen, Boulez, Varèse, Messiaen, and other young electronic composers whose passion gig is the exploration of sound are bringing us the natural, limitless field of sound"—suggests both the categorical confusions and the factual inaccuracies that are being foisted on the record-consuming public by an industry that has discovered the contemporary "product." Although the tendency toward divergence between professional approval and mass enthusiasm has long been a characteristic of musical culture, the intervention of the economically influential recording industry now threatens more than ever the relative, if lopsided, stability whereby serious composition and performance have held their own against showmanship and simplistic exploitation. Those now gambling on the possibility of a gold mine if the "*avant-garde*" can be made

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palatable to a large public are pitching their wares toward the rock-psychedelic market and encouraging the more primitive current tendencies, the better to meet the far from intellectual demands of that public.

A sobering illustration of the possibilities inherent in this kind of exploitation came out of the International Music Congress held in New York early in September. Among the concerts presented for the delegates was an evening of music by Harry Partch, the venerable composer, advocate of microtonal music, and inventor of instruments for such music. Partch's work has been known to professionals for quite some time (recordings have been available for several years now), and has influenced younger composers. However, not until this particular evening, it seems, had his work caught the ear of a major record company executive—whereupon the entire *equipage*, unique instruments and all, was packed off to a studio and taped for future release.

No one would begrudge Partch this opportunity—but the resources that the record mogul disposes can (and have been) directed with equal ease in decidedly more dubious directions. Most subtly disturbing, of course, is the report that a man commanding such resources should at this late date have been still ignorant of Partch's activity.

It would be vain to expect that the exposure (at another concert during the Congress, on September 9) of a series of works composed for Tanglewood might similarly result in major-label recordings (it did, however, at least attract the attention of *The New York Times*, which consistently ignores comparable programs when they are presented by the Group for Contemporary Music at Columbia or by Composers' Showcase). Noteworthy in the program by Tanglewood-based ensembles under Gunther Schuller were a fluent new trio by Easley Blackwood and Henry Weinberg's 1966 *Cantus Commemorabilis*, in which his usually highly tensile structure is enhanced by increased concision (no doubt related, in turn, to the greater tension generated at the unusually colorful instrumental surface). Mario Davidovsky's *Synchronisms No. 2* and Charles Wuorinen's Flute Concerto (both from 1964) were further presentations to the international audience of significant and fruitful aspects of American music that they could not otherwise encounter easily (only the spectacular live-and-tape Davidovsky work has been recorded: CRI 204).

The final concert presented during the New York segment of the IMC, by the Buffalo Philharmonic under Lukas Foss (September 11), raised another aspect of the difficulties faced by the serious composer: a press that is willing, perhaps eager, to condemn his work before it has been properly heard. In this case the victim was Milton Babbitt's *Correspondences* for string orchestra and tape. Despite a speech by the conductor clearly implying a less than satisfactory performance, despite the presence of an assistant conductor who signaled measure numbers to the orchestra, and despite the glaringly uncertain gestures of the players, none of the daily or weekly reviewers, to my knowledge, saw fit to consider the possibility that they were not hearing an even marginally adequate representation of Babbitt's conception. To be sure, anyone acquainted with the highly sophisticated sonic surface of Babbitt's previous works could have deduced this inadequacy from internal evidence alone; the only fair conclusion is that the work has yet to be heard.

More satisfactory performances were given at this concert to the slick and showy *Capriccio* for violin and orchestra by Penderecki (superbly played by Paul Zukofsky, who at the Tanglewood concert had already demonstrated his indispensability to the new music scene by performing in four works and conducting a fifth), a trivial march (*Calcium Light Night*) by Ives, and the conductor's own *Baroque Variations*. Foss's collage techniques, here performed upon works of Handel, Scarlatti and Bach, are not in themselves objectionable, but the resulting works show less concern with structure than with *Schadenfreude*: the "idea" of the piece is more important than the musical events. (The Penderecki and Foss works are recorded by the Buffalo orchestra on Nonesuch H-71201 and H-71202 respectively.)

The Buffalo concert opened with an orchestral work, *Re-ak*, by the Korean composer Isang Yun, whose earlier *Garak* for flute and piano was premièred at the uncommonly interesting recital (October 11 at Carnegie Recital Hall) by Sophie Sollberger, Robert Miller and the violist Jacob Glick. Yun, whose kidnapping from Berlin and continued detention on political charges by the South Korean Government has aroused protests from the musical community, is a composer of some resource: his delicate sense of instrumental color fills out rather static, spatially oriented conceptions to a level of real musical interest.

At the same Carnegie concert, Robert Miller presented the world première of four piano pieces by Arthur Berger, which further develop the brilliantly virtuosic keyboard style of his Three Pieces for Two Pianos (recorded on Columbia MS-6959). Berger's tactful and functional employment of "prepared" piano notes is an example of how a device originally introduced (by Cage) for coloristic purposes eventually becomes a significant resource to a composer of vastly different aims. Similarly, Harvey Sollberger's *Composition in Nine Sections* (1961) for viola and piano incorporates the glissando effects so beloved of sound-effects composers into a clearly pitch-defined role. Throughout the evening, which included Schubert's *Trock'ne Blumen* variations as well as works by Raoul Pleskow, Manuel Enriquez and Milhaud, the playing and musicianship were exemplary; all three performers stand at the forefront of their profession.

Despite the obtrusion of a tinkling chandelier and the intrusion of occasional climaxes from performances in the main hall next door, Carnegie Recital Hall is an exceptionally satisfactory room for chamber music—a fact that was underlined a few nights later by Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau's performance of Schubert's *Die schöne Müllerin* in the main auditorium (October 16). The economic reasons for such a grotesque disparity of scale between music and hall are probably irrefutable, but some way should be found to present this singer in a space reasonably proportionate to the *Lied* repertory. From many seats in Carnegie the listener must strain acutely to hear softer passages and details. For those within range, at any rate, Dieskau was in exceptional voice (after a rough start in *Das Wandern*), and his skillful dynamic control overcame the excessive contrast between loud and soft singing that has sometimes seemed an inevitable consequence of his vocal method. Indeed, from a sheerly vocal standpoint

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this Schubert cycle has not been so well set forth in years. I regret only that the primary impulse sometimes seemed more textual than musical, that Schubert's key relationships were upset by irregular transpositions, and that Norman Shetler's "accompaniments" were rarely more than that term implies, however neatly played.

The most superficially newsworthy aspect of Luciano Berio's *Sinfonia* (commissioned by the New York Philharmonic, who performed it under the composer's direction at the concerts of October 10-14) was a movement comprising, in greater part, the *St. Antonius* movement of Mahler's Second Symphony with extensive additional counterpoints, including vocal parts for the Swingle Singers. Since Berio's remarkably imaginative ear for sonorities and textures has always been the most obvious feature of his music, it was disappointing to find in this movement an opacity that impeded clear apprehension of just what he was up to. A great number of quotations from the literature is said to be embedded in the piece, but I could sort out relatively few at first hearing. I did note that a snatch of the *Rosenkavalier* waltzes struck me as being in "poor taste" (without being at all sure what that term can possibly mean in such a context), and that the castanet rhythm from Stravinsky's *Agon* was introduced—to provide a tie-up with the first work on the program? There was something ironic about the programing of *Agon* as a tribute to the City Center's anniversary, for it was the first time that Bernstein had conducted "late" Stravinsky with the Philharmonic. To hear more recent Stravinsky orchestral music in New York, you have to go to the ballet.

THEATRE / Harold Clurman

Harold Pinter's two new one-act plays *Tea Party* and *The Basement* at the Eastside Playhouse (334 East 74 Street) are slight entertainments written with skill and the kind of economy and indirection that produce suspense. Originally written for television, they provide an evening of superior pastime.

They are by no means obscure, though the second of the two possesses a touch of that piquant ambiguity which makes many theatregoers ask, "What does it mean?"—to which the reply should be a line spoken by the 9-year-old boy of the play, "What does 'meaning' mean?"

Tea Party concerns an efficient and successful British businessman, a little on the Blimpish side. A widower with two children, he has married a handsome, proper, antiseptically cool woman. After a year of respectable home life he is strongly attracted to his artful tease of a secretary. But being of "a certain class," he does not want to admit to himself a trouble that is apparent to everyone else. No one gives any outward sign of recognizing the situation, though in one way or another everyone seems to egg him on. Finally the bedeviled creature becomes wholly catatonic, incapable of sight, speech or movement.

The Basement deals with two young men, Law and Stott, who were once close friends, but who have lost touch. One rainy evening Stott turns up at his former friend's cozy basement apartment and asks if he may spend the night (at the moment, he says, he is looking for a place to live). Law assures him that he can stay as long as he likes. Stott then asks if he can bring in a girl friend who has been waiting outside in the rain. Law, only slightly puzzled, politely consents. The girl enters. Stott and the girl immediately undress, get into bed, and proceed to make love with no embarrassment at Law's presence.

The arrangement appears to develop into a permanent one, till the girl "seduces" Law; this irregular triangle in turn seems to become fixed, but then animosity between the men mounts to the point of violence. Law disappears and Stott occupies the basement. At the final curtain, we see Law return as Stott had previously done in a downpour, but with no girl, and ask to stay over.

There may be a homosexual inference in the plot but what is much more relevant to it is that the two fellows are more eager to enjoy the comforts of the basement apartment than of the girl.

Most of Pinter's work comes to this: bereft of all but a residual animal instinct and no firm moral or intellectual objectives, man loses his human identity. He can be or do anything without any clear consciousness of his behavior. It looks to many as if that is what we have come to.

There is in the telling of these two plays the same impassivity, the same provocative details and stimulating hints which, like a writer of clever detective fiction, Pinter always employs to arouse a steadily fascinated attention. His touch in this case is rather more playfully derisive than in his more important work. Though Pinter usually seeks to conceal his emotion by a noncommittal air, pathos lurks in *The Birthday Party* and even more penetratingly in *The Caretaker*, while in *The Homecoming* the Pinteresque controlled grin seems on the verge of bursting with anger. In *Tea Party* and *The Basement* Pinter appears rather more amused, never rising to anything beyond a dry scorn. The businessman of the former might be pitiful if he were more interesting, and the boys in the latter would be contemptible if they were not such voids. But Pinter, a keen showman, knows how to make much out of little.

The plays are so well directed by James Hammerstein that it seems as if he had made himself one with the author. The cast is admirably chosen, the acting very apt. David Ford in *Tea Party* adds sufficient inner torment to its central character to save it and the play from the suspicion of triviality. Valerie French as the inciting secretary mixes just the right degree of office etiquette with the cruelty of insidious allure. Two child players actually demonstrate witty "style."

Margo Ann Berdeshevsky in *The Basement* gives the impression of an Ivory soap sphinx: smooth, attractively recipient of and indifferently content with each and every male thrust. Ted van Griethuysen and James Ray create a kind of anonymity of person—which is perhaps precisely the author's intention—in this play of nonbeings.

Robert Hatch

Out in Brooklyn, the Becks have been employing ritual, yoga, the mass chanting of slogans and group therapy on the stage and in the house to purge the audience of its militarist and capitalist devils and restore it to communal grace. Now on Broadway (Ambassador Theatre) Joseph Heller in *We Bombed in New Haven* seeks much the same goal through wit, schmaltz, buffoonery, scenic legerdemain and a preoccupation with the ambiguities allegedly induced by the fact that actors are real people who impersonate fictions. Mr. Heller is much less experienced in the theatre than are the Becks—indeed, this is his debut—but I think he has a better grasp of its dimensions. He seems to understand that a playwright's most important creation is the audience, a fragile and ephemeral entity that takes shape in the house from the matrix of what takes place on the stage. "Audience involvement," that article of faith in the modern theatre, does not consist in roughing up the cash customers, a self-defeating form of aggres-

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sion which only fragments the assemblage into individuals acutely aware that they have private dignities to protect. Involvement is achieved by giving the audience a line to follow, a form to perceive, so that for an hour or so the minds of a considerable group of people are aligned, their disparate experiences brought to bear on a coherent set of events. When this works, the audience is magnetized to a state of perception that may be considerably superior to its individual talents. It is nothing new in the theatre, Lord knows, but I suspect the sin of pride is involved in supposing that it is not enough—the playwright's sin of wanting to manipulate the audience, not by his art but in his own person.

Heller knows all this and gets off to a good start. We are somewhere with a bomber crew that is about to bomb Constantinople because the script says that is what comes next. The script also tells who will die and where, and the men jockey for fatter, "more secure" roles. Jason Robards is the operations captain, Diana Sands the coffee-and-doughnuts Red Cross girl (beautiful and bouncy in an ugly costume). They sleep together at night and, in this double-focus context, off-stage. On duty and in the play, they jibe at each other with the sharp humor of people not quite sure that they have committed themselves as far as their bodies have carried them. "I want you," he says. "For very long?," she asks.

Captain/stage manager Robards (Heller gives scrupulous credit to Thornton Wilder) employs the ingratiating informality of an insecure man to get the flight in the air and the show on the road, nervously conscious all the while of his major (William Roerick), the agent of delegated authority and keeper of the text. It is a fault, perhaps of Heller's stage inexperience, perhaps of John Hirsch's direction, that you know from the moment he walks on the set that Robards will leave anyone in any lurch. One of the real ambiguities of stage "reality" is that an actor is burdened with a foreknowledge that a man does not have to carry.

More generally, though, I am less seized than Heller by the fascinations of the play-within-life device. I have seen it tried fairly often, and it usually strikes me as being more a tangle than a mystery. On this occasion, too, faults in direction have caused the crewmen—who are "the people"—to cavort when out of character, so that they are less impressive as "themselves" than as "actors." Nevertheless, Heller has a use beyond intellectual decor for his bifocal approach. It creates a tension between men as citizens (actors), villains and victims of the state, and men as individuals, with pasts to complete and futures to anticipate. "They told me it would disrupt my life less if I got killed sooner," says a young replacement, and the audience applauds its recognition of the gap between official cant and private truth. The ambiguity between role and fate induces a parallel ambiguity between audience and public, so that the major who commands according to "their" script may be felt to be quoting from "our" script as well.

The problem is how to resolve a play so bifurcated, and in this Heller is not so successful. As the evening works into its second half, the split becomes increasingly overt, with actors refusing to go on in their parts, with Miss Sands beseeching Mr. Robards to get her out of the theatre, with everyone shouting that he, at least, has no intention of dying and with one recalcitrant actor being suddenly shot dead on-stage because he will not pretend to die off-stage. But of course he is not really killed, the two aspects of the play do not really coalesce, the edges of the mirrors have become apparent and the audience starts to squirm.

That squirming is the giveaway. It always happens when the spectators begin to suspect that they are being lectured, that the play is no longer the thing, and they have become it. A theatre is not a pulpit; it is a place where you must show, not tell, what you believe. Like all serious playwrights, Heller has something he wants to show, and he begins promisingly enough with metaphor and paradox, wit and romance, to create a body for his conviction. But I get the impression that he had a much clearer image of the moral than of the work, so that in the end he loses control of his play and falls back on exhortation. The characters become witnesses, the developments become predictable, the action loses plausibility, there is not enough incident left to reach to the final curtain. The play dies and the message takes over.

It is disappointing, because although I doubt that Heller is up to writing *The Trojan Women*, he knows war well enough to loathe it, and he knows the theatre well enough to realize that you cannot make that loathing real by inventing new epithets for Lyndon Johnson. For quite a space he maintains the distance and expectancy that make a play work, but he had not enough invention to get the job completed and ends up chanting with the Becks in Brooklyn. It is the more serious because his *Catch 22*, that spectacular mockery of martial heroics, suffered a similar collapse into strident exhaustion in the homestretch.

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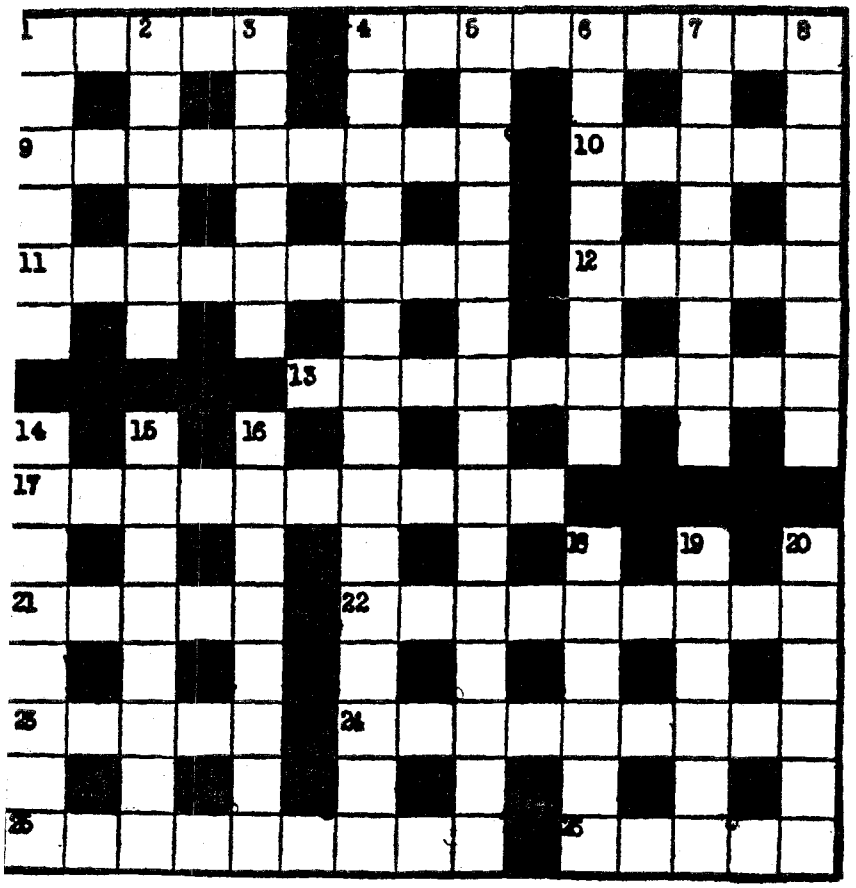
Crossword Puzzle No. 1270

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

and 7 down Certainly not drunk legally! (5,2,1,5)
What they had to do with a pound too much? (9)
Does it involve getting your own back? (9)
What craft might make, if vigilant. (5)
Standard early form to allow something to be played? (9)
Swimming is supposed to be free with it. (5)
Stunned, as one might not be in a friendly game. (10)
Do women consider skin cream such a device? (4-6)
Butterfly familiarly known as one? (5)
Victoria might typify them. (9)
Bad leads caused by what one does prior to the first bid. (5)
Are prints so developed as it might happen? (9)
Figuring things out is doing as bad! (9)
Periods of time not restricted to social appointments. (5)

DOWN

1 Herb, when the loose type, might cause a clash. (6)
2 An old dog might turn against one. (6)
3 The roadbed might be complained about.
4 In their case, let the client be damned! (6,9)
5 Well, aren't they out of character? (15)
6 One sounds as though meals and such prepared this way. (8)
7 See 1 across
8 It seems a mere L.S.D. substitute stones these! (8)
14 Was capable of providing the answer? (8)
15 According to the plans each mast is different. (8)
16 A foolish couple in fanatic make-up? (8)
18 The lady novelist never would be, according to Koko. (6)
19 It goes to prove an unselfish person isn't one! (6)
20 Quakers in the manner of writers? (6)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1269

ACROSS: 6 Clef; 10 Tenably; 11 and 1 across Counterrevolution; 12 Outs; 13 Usquebaugh; 15 Abandon; 16 Element; 17 Nocking; 20 Theorem; 22 Mills bombs; 23 Comb; 25 Exploit; 26 Rossini; 27 Sard; 28 Scatter rug. DOWN: 1 Rational numbers; 2 Venetia; 3 Lobo; 4 Trypsin; 5 Occlude; 7 Lettuce; 8 For the time being; 9 Bumblebee; 14 Admission; 18 Caliper; 19 Gnostic; 20 Taboret; 21 Roomier; 24 Ashe.

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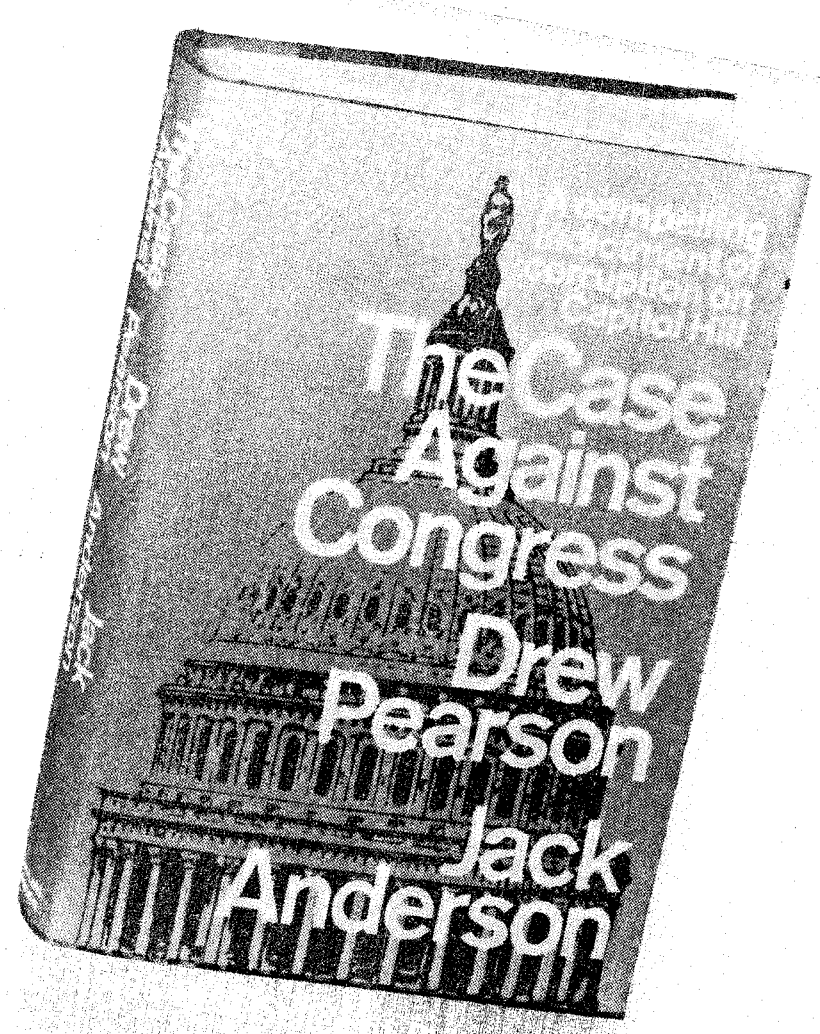

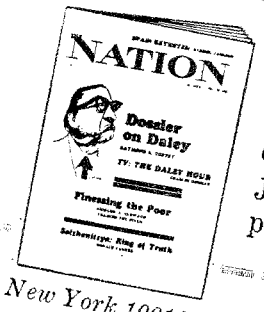
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